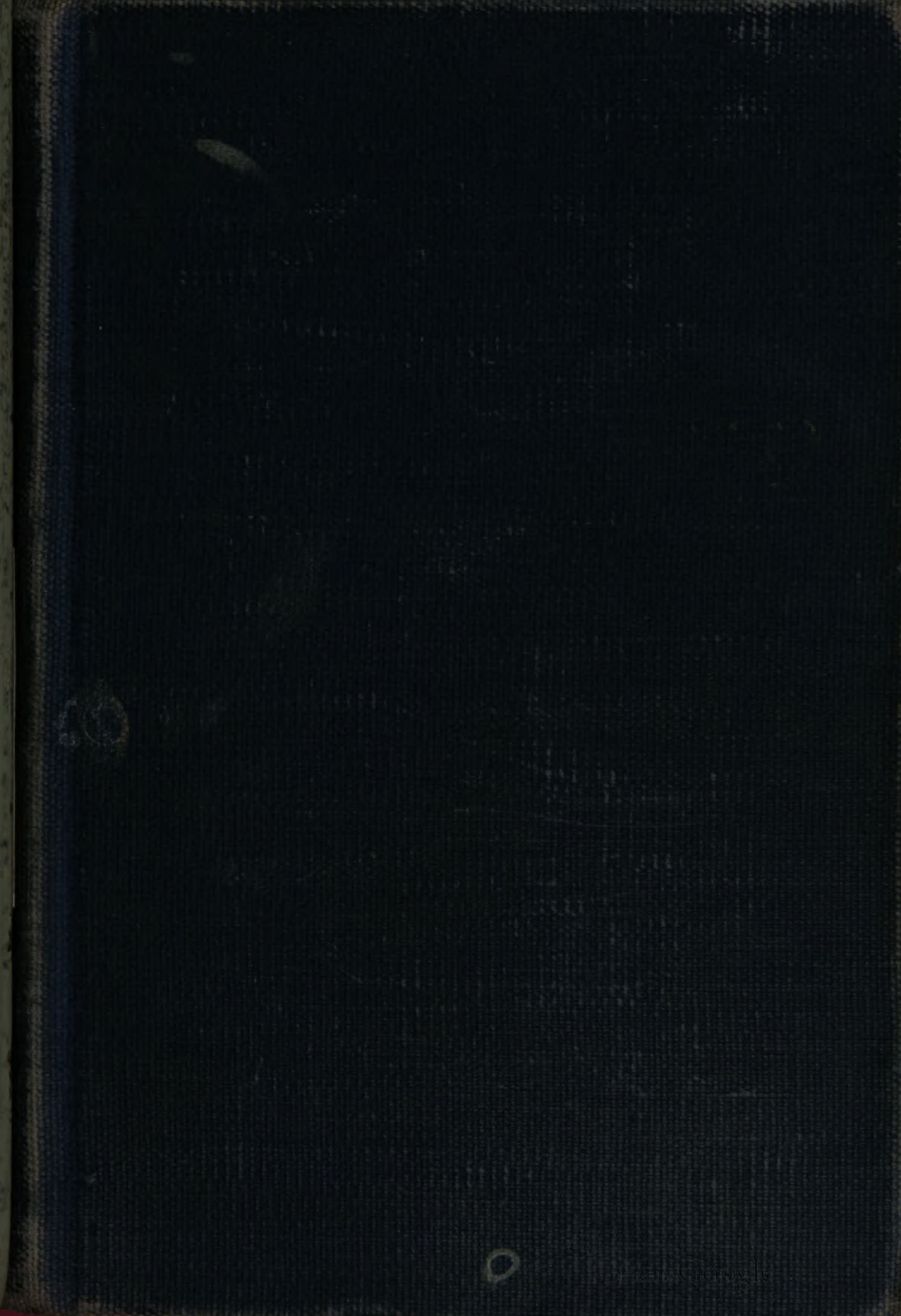

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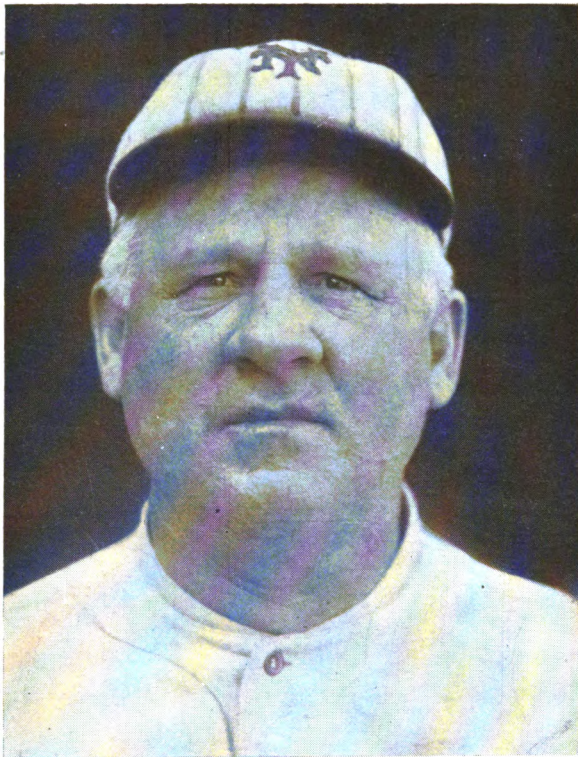


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P 44

MY THIRTY YEARS IN BASEBALL

THE
OF
COLUMBIA



JOHN J. MCGRAW
1862-1948

MY THIRTY YEARS IN BASEBALL

BY

JOHN J. MCGRAW

||

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

GEORGE M. COHAN



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INTRODUCTION

It isn't an easy matter to write an appreciation of John
J. McGraw

There's so much in the man to appreciate
So many fine things which might be said
The life story of the little Napoleon
From the cradle to the 1922 world's championship
We know all that
So why waste ten or twelve thousand words
Let's get down to what we want to find out
What is it that this man has on the ball?
That is the question
The answer is—**EVERYTHING.**

This is my flash of McGraw:

Application	Sense of honor
Determination	Sense of duty
Concentration	Sense of humor
Perseverance	Common sense
Will power	Admired
Courage	Hated
Intelligence	Worshiped
Intellect	Despised
Great player	Cheered
Greater manager	Jeered
Generous owner	Wined
Liberal leader	Dined
Fastest thinker	Fined

Introduction

Record holder
Graceful winner
Good loser
Square
Loyal
Easy enemy
Real friend
Fine sportsman
Knows his game
Knows his men
Knows himself
Knows he knows

Signed
Signed
Signed
Irish
American
Idol
Champion
And what's more
A Man.

Guy M. Cohen

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MY THIRTY YEARS IN BASEBALL

CHAPTER I

What McGraw told his team the day before the recent World's Series began—Why Babe Ruth failed to shine—Do college men make the best ball players?

WHILE I was arranging the memoranda for back-tracking over thirty years of my baseball life an old friend, a man now high in world affairs, dropped in to see me. He saw what I was doing.

"Say, Mac," he said, "tell me who, in your opinion, makes the best ball player, the college boy or the ignorant young fellow who comes in from the town lots?"

I looked up at him in downright gratitude for the suggestion. It gives me a start—a keynote that I would like to sound throughout these memoirs.

"The college boy, of course," I told him. "He has at the start the very thing the less fortunate young fellow has to acquire. He steps right in with the advantage of mental training. With the same amount of natural common sense behind him the college boy has a full two years' jump on the town-lot boy.

"The difference is simply this—the college boy, or anyone with even a partially trained mind, immediately tries to find his faults; the unschooled fellow usually tries to hide his. The moment a man locates his faults he can quickly correct them. The man who thinks he is

keeping his mistakes under cover will never advance a single step until he sees the light."

That in a nutshell is the difference and it may explain why I have steadfastly tried to get college boys with natural ability on my many ball clubs. Usually they arrive quicker and last longer.

Some of our greatest stars have never been to college, but that does not mean that they were better off without such training. It means that they had brains enough to see the handicap and through persistence and determination overcame it. Men of this type are Hans Wagner, Tris Speaker, Napoleon Lajoie, Delehanty—oh, a lot of them. I might add that Hughey Jennings and myself also were of that type, but we were quick to see the need of what other young fellows had been given by their parents. As to how we did it I will tell later on.

It is not my purpose to moralize, even if I am at the age where men begin to get philosophical and point out things to the youngsters. In the first place, it is hard to make the youngsters listen. I do think, though, that all successful endeavors in life are based on that idea of being able to find faults and of being just as quick to correct them.

That is largely the way we won the last World's Series.

I have been somewhat at a loss to know just what in my thirty years of baseball would be of the most interest. Candidly, I didn't know where to start.

To get a line, though, we sent out questionnaires to fifty men in different sections of the country—some

veteran players and some fans. We made a point of not asking too many men of expert knowledge. In these questionnaires we asked for suggestions as to what the public would be most interested in—what questions that particular person would like to have answered.

The first one came in from a major league umpire—a man of imagination and understanding.

“1. They would like to know,” he began, “how the Giants won the World’s Series.

“2. Tell why you shifted from ‘waiting out’ the Yank pitchers to swinging at the first ball. Several times you made this shift.”

In the first place, we won the World’s Series because we thought we could win. Though we said nothing, we took advantage of the fact that our opponents and the public had underestimated the strength of our pitchers.

After the end of the season I did not say one word to our players about the series until the day before it actually began. I purposely kept away from them. In the meantime the newspapers were full of discussions of the weakness of our pitchers and of the strength of the Yank pitchers. They told of what Ruth and Meusel would do to us, and so on. This put the odds up to 7 to 5 with the Yanks as favorites. Not once did I discuss this with the men.

On the day before the first game I went to the clubhouse and had a heart-to-heart talk with the players.

“You can beat these fellows,” I told them. “I don’t think there is a question about it. We have a big advantage in that they are the favorites. Not once since we started on our last drive have you pitchers failed to

come through when called on, and the rest of the team has backed you up. You can do it just as well in this series. All you've got to do is play ball just as if you were playing a regular game in mid-season. There is no difference. The team that gets impressed with the
✓ idea that there is a difference will become self-conscious and lose. Now, practically all of you have played in a big series and it is nothing new to you. In a way you have observed the playing of your opponents. A lot of people have an idea that because I frequently changed pitchers in our last twenty games these pitchers were not able to stand the pace. You know better than that. We changed them for very good reasons. We'll change them in this series if necessary, but I don't think it will be necessary. All I ask of you is, forget about those odds—those figures merely represent the opinions of sporting writers. Get out there and play baseball just as you have all season. I'll do the directing and if anything goes wrong I'll take the responsibility."

That is all that I ever said to them.

It might surprise many to know that at no time did we have the slightest fear of Ruth. There seemed to be an impression that I was unfamiliar with the playing of Ruth and Schang. As a matter of fact I knew more about Ruth, Schang and Baker than any other members of the Yankee team. My club has played in full twenty games against Ruth. That naturally ought to give me a pretty good line on him.

I might say right here that we caught Ruth in one of his slumps and we did everything we could to make it worse for him. He is a ball player of the freak type

that is likely to bust up a game at any moment. Nobody ever could hit a ball as far as he, and it was my business to see that he didn't get hold of one. Under those circumstances the natural thing to do was to pitch him slow ones. It is difficult for a long hitter to brace himself against a ball that barely lobs over the plate.



I signaled for every ball that was pitched to Ruth during the last World's Series. In fact, I gave the signal for practically every ball that was pitched during the series by our pitchers. They preferred that I do it. I think ball players, as a rule, can do a more workmanlike job when they feel that someone else is taking the responsibility. Those who watched the games may have noticed that the catcher invariably turned and looked at the bench. I gave him the sign, which he in turn gave to the pitcher.

This was not done in any slipshod or guesswork manner. To give you an idea of our thoroughness, we pitched but nine curves and three fast balls to Ruth throughout the series. All the rest were slow balls. Of those twelve—the nine curves and three fast balls—eleven of them set the big fellow on his ear, as we say. He got just one foul off those twelve strikes. And usually we crossed him with the curve when there were men on bases. Our respect for the way he tears into a fast ball is indicated by our giving him but three to hit at during the entire series.

The trick, though, that broke the Yanks in two was

a brand-new play that we pulled on them and repeated on the two occasions when they became the most dangerous. The public seems to have overlooked this play in the excitement.

But I am running into my second chapter.

CHAPTER II

**The new play that ruined the Yanks—Outwitting Joe Bush
—Twenty-five dollars fine for a home run that won the
game.**

LATE in the season we discovered a new way—at least a surprising way—of breaking up an advance around the bases on a safe hit. None but a smart, an accurate player could work this play, but we had a man almost perfectly equipped to carry it out—Dave Bancroft. We used the play but little, so that it could be a surprise in the big series. And it was a surprise.

When there is a runner on first or second and the succeeding batter follows with a clean hit the chances are that the runner will score from second, the man on first will go to third and the batter to second. Just the same the outfielder, nine times out of ten, makes an attempt to get the man at the plate. When it is seen that the throw will not get the runner at the plate the pitcher generally intercepts the throw and tries to make a play at one of the bases. That play has been made so repeatedly that it has come to be a sort of matter of form.

Now, if the hit scores a man from second, with the tying run, the team that allows the batter to take second on the throw to the plate is in grave danger. Another hit may win the game.

Our plan was for the outfielder to throw the ball directly to Bancroft in his regular position; he would turn around and whip the ball to second. If it got the runner coming down from first—the man who had hit the ball—the rally was broken up. And, even to our surprise, this play worked every time we tried it. On three occasions the Yank batter ran headlong into the trap.

In the last game, if you will remember, Bob Meusel hit a beautiful single into the outfield, scoring a runner. The throw looked as if it was headed for the plate, but instead it went directly into Bancroft's hands and he caught Meusel, who started for second. We had made no useless attempt at the plate to prevent the first score, but we had to stop a second one. That play saved the game for us.

In the last inning of the game we pulled exactly the same play on so experienced a veteran as Wally Schang. His wallop would have won the game but for Bancroft taking the ball in the same way and catching him at second.

After seeing Meusel caught that way we really did not expect that Schang would fall for the same trick. But he did. And by being thus caught, Meusel and Schang cost the Yanks that game.

In other words, we took advantage of the chance to upset what had become a habit in baseball. Many games are won during the season by crossing ball players who think in the same groove all the time. The idea is to observe closely, find the grooves, and then block them.

As to the reason for shifting from "waiting a man out" to hitting at the first ball, the answer seems to be obvious. We saw that the first scheme was not working. Naturally we changed our tactics. Following out my suggestion at the start of these memoirs, we located our fault and set about to correct it as quickly as possible.

In the first game I had an idea that Joe Bush might be lacking a little in control. I instructed the batters to wait him out. Let the first one go by, if necessary, and make him put one over that could be hit on the nose.

On this plan of action we went along for several innings. But Bush did not get wild. He was pitching perfectly and we could do nothing with him. Instead of our men profiting by waiting, he was continually putting Giant batters in the hole. He saw our plan and was laying the first one squarely over the middle of the plate.

Toward the middle of the game I ordered the batters to shift.

"Take a crack at anything he puts over," I told them. "Don't wait for anything. If it is in reach, sock it."

Luckily, we had called the turn at exactly the right minute. In a half inning, it seemed, the whole complexion of the game had changed. One after another our batters walked up and took a swing at the first thing that came over the plate. We popped Bush for five hits, if I remember right, and won the game in a single inning.

There appears to have been a disposition on the part of sporting writers and the public to give me entire

credit for winning this last series. I wish, sincerely, that they had not done this. As I have said, I did do all the directing, but direction and so-called generalship are of no value whatever if the players do not carry them out. They deserve the credit for delivering the punch. I merely pointed out the weak spots.

An army that wins a great battle in the field usually gets the credit for the fighting—the soldiers, I mean. They should get it. The directing head merely points the way. No general could win a fight unless the men had the courage and the ability to deliver the punch. It is the combination that counts. A soldier, I believe, can fight much better and with more intensity of immediate purpose if he does not have to bother and worry about the plans.

At no time and in no instance during that series did the players fail to carry out my instructions to the letter. There were no arguments and no discussions as to the advisability of this and that move. I took the entire responsibility and they seemed quite willing to let me shoulder what blame might come. If we had lost the series, I would have lost it—not they. Our success can be laid to the fact, I think, that I had absolute confidence in our players and they had a similar confidence in me. I could not handle a team that did not have confidence in me, and it is a cinch that I would not have a group of players in whom I did not have confidence. All I want to know is that they are honestly trying to do what I tell them. If they haven't the ability it is my fault if I keep them. Never in my life

have I blamed or criticized a ball player failing in an effort to carry out instructions.

Often we send up a pinch hitter only to have him strike out. That is a chance the manager takes. If it fails he has no right to censure the player. They can't always hit safely. If it were possible for a ball player always to carry out his instructions—even to making the play successfully—then we should have no baseball. Managers could simply sit down in the spring and figure it out with pencil and paper.

I have made it a point, as I have said, never to blame a player for failing in a sincere effort to carry out instructions from the bench, but I also have made it a point to censure a player, even if he won the game, by failing to obey orders. That, I regard as necessary to discipline. At first I had some difficulty in impressing this idea upon the team.

Back in 1905 I fined a player \$25 for hitting a home run with two on bases—a wallop that won the game.

We had runners on first and second with none out, and I sent up Sammy Strang to bunt. Sammy was a good bunter and very fast on the bases. I wanted to make sure of his putting the ball down so as to advance the two runners.

To my surprise the pitcher put the first one right in the groove and Sammy, swinging from his shoestrings, caught the ball squarely on the nose and knocked it over the right-field fence for a home run, bringing in the two runners with him and winning the game.

As he came around the crowd began applauding and

he was compelled to take off his cap. Just at that moment he reached the dugout.

"That'll cost you just twenty-five," I said to him.

"Twenty-five? What d'y'r mean, Mac?"

"Didn't you have instructions to bunt that ball?"

"Sure, but say, Mac—that one came over there like a balloon. I just couldn't help taking a poke at it. Was a pip, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but it'll cost you twenty-five for disobeying instructions. Suppose you'd hit into a double play?"

"All right," he said, "but the way that one felt I guess it was worth it."

One of those to answer the questionnaire asks if I think stars should be encouraged for the individual work or should be made to play more inside baseball. "Which does the public like best?" he asks.

The above incident is somewhat of an answer, but I will attempt to explain in more detail.

CHAPTER III

**Individual vs. team work—The “I thought” ball players—
What happened to Snodgrass for the error in Boston
that lost the World’s Series?**

THE public, I have discovered, doesn’t care anything about the methods employed by a ball club. The fan wants to see the home club win. So there is little concern in the mind of a manager as to what the public thinks of his system as long as he wins.

How often have you heard some baseball enthusiast—after the game or before—say, “I don’t care particularly which club wins as long as it is a good game”?

I have heard them say it all my life and I never knew of one who I believe really meant it. That is not the spirit of baseball, no matter what we hear. Such remarks are usually made after a comfortable dinner and in an effort to display a sense of sportsmanship.

One night I had dinner with De Wolf Hopper, Louis Mann and a few other rabid fans.

“Honestly, Hopper,” I asked, “what really is your idea of a good ball game?”

“My idea of a perfect ball game and a delightful afternoon,” declared the veteran fan and actor, “is for the home club to pile up fifteen runs in the first inning. To add to my comfort I don’t want to see a single player on the other side reach first base.”

"Well," spoke up another, "it is quite a thrill, at that, to have them get the bases full and then have our pitcher strike out the batter."

"But, my dear fellow," declared Hopper, "that isn't comfort and pleasure. That's suffering."

So, you see, the baseball manager to have the public like his style or his method, must win. He needn't worry about the details. The average fan will never understand them anyway.

Teamwork is to baseball just what it is to any other enterprise. Individualism is all right in its place, but too much of it will kill any organization in the world. The result is what counts, and the only way to get it is by teamwork.

So-called inside baseball is mostly bunk. It is merely the working out of definite plans that the public does not observe. There is nothing on a ball field that the public could not see and understand if the fans studied the game as we do. As I have intimated, all the fan sees, as a rule, is the victory or defeat. His eye is always on the ball or on the runner approaching the plate. Rarely does he observe what the other players are doing. He is an enthusiast—not a workman.

I venture to say that not one fan out of a hundred saw the two plays that we worked on the Yanks when we caught Meusel and Schang going to second after their hits had driven runners around. The eyes of the public were on the ball or the runner furthest advanced. If, for instance, a batter cuts a base the fan rarely ever sees it. His eye is always centered on the real action.

And this question of individualism or teamwork

recalls my early remark on the difference between the college player and the town-lot fellow. The former quickly sees the advantage of teamwork—of coördination. The latter sees only himself, either making good or falling down. If he makes an error he will try to cover it up by such remarks as "Well, I thought——"

We call that class "I thought" ball players. There are many of them. Always they have an alibi. It is seldom that they come to the bench and ask where they made the mistake and what to do about it next time. The college player will do that. His mind is more disciplined and he is eager to learn.

A type of the college player, quick to learn, was Eddie Grant, who was killed in action in France.

After leaving Harvard Eddie was on the Philadelphia National League Club. Having heard much of Mathewson, he was very curious to bat against him. Finally his chance came. On his first time up Matty put one right in the groove and Grant smacked it for a single. Five times in succession he faced Matty that first day and established the remarkable record of getting five straight hits.

"Do you know that's Mathewson you're hitting?" Billy Murray asked him.

"Yes," he said, "but I don't suppose he knows this is me."

"But he will," Murray advised him. "What did he pitch to you?"

"Curve ball, waist-high and just inside."

"Well, you'd better practice hitting something else."

Now, Eddie was not stupid. He didn't think like

other bushers that he alone had solved Matty's delivery. He began to study. An early success like that would have ruined a player with less brains.

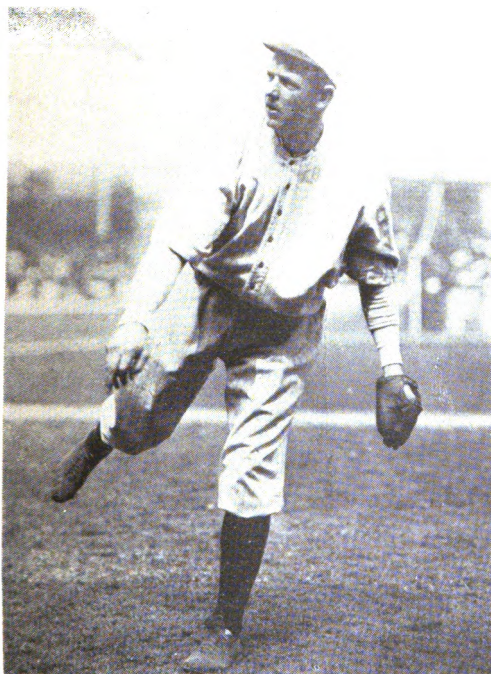
"And, you know," Grant afterward told me, "it was a good thing I did. Matty didn't pitch me another ball like that all season and I didn't get a hit the next twenty times that I faced him."

Another type of the ambitious college player was Fred Snodgrass. He came to me as a catcher, or rather, I was so impressed with his work in a college game out in California that I asked him to join us. Snodgrass was not a great catcher, so I turned him into an outfielder. He studied every department of the game carefully and it was rare that he ever made a mistake—of judgment.

When Snodgrass dropped that ball in Boston—the error that everybody says cost us the series—I never gave him one word of reproach. Any player is liable to make an error. That was not a boner, as we call it. It happened to be one of those unavoidable things that come at a costly moment. Often I have been asked to tell exactly what I did to Snodgrass for that. For the first time I guess I will have to tell: I raised his salary \$1,000 a year.

Snodgrass suffered more over that one error than all the rest of the team put together. To blame a player for a thing like that would show little loyalty on the part of the manager. It would ruin him for the future. Often I used to "burn up" when I read in the papers of rumors that I had released Snodgrass.

In this connection I will confess that I also raised



CHRISTY MATHEWSON

Fred Merkle's salary at the end of the season in which he made the fatal blunder of not touching second in that famous game with the Cubs.

I do not mean to imply that a premium should be placed on errors. The chances are I would have raised the salaries of both those players anyway. I wanted them to understand that I would not let such mistakes stand in the way of their progress. They had done nothing in violation of the spirit of teamwork. Both were earnest and very valuable cogs in our machine. To relieve their feelings and restore self-confidence it was necessary that they understand that the manager and the other players held them in just as much esteem as ever.

If I make myself clear, I have tried to point out the difference between breaches of discipline and mere errors of commission. I fined Sammy Strang for hitting a home run and winning a ball game, while I raised the salary of a man whose error had cost a pennant and of another whose muff of a fly ball had lost the World's Series.

It so happens that all three of these players were college men—young fellows with the advantage of systematic mental training. Snodgrass and Merkle faced the gibes of fans for two years without a murmur. Never did they offer an excuse.

Benny Kauff is an excellent type of the man who comes into baseball without mental training and who could never grasp the idea of trying to find his faults instead of trying to hide them. Benny had great natural ability. It was almost impossible, though, to

get his mind off himself and on the team as a whole. Benny had no early advantages. He wanted to be a star, but he could not realize that a real star must rise with the team to be of value.

George Burns, on the other hand, never regarded as a great star, was one of the most valuable ball players that ever wore the uniform of the Giants.

Kauff was of the type of what we call freak players. The chances are I have handled as many of the so-called freaks as any other manager. It has not added to my health any, either. I will discuss those fellows in the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER IV

A manager's troubles with picturesque characters—Bugs Raymond, the spitball pitcher, and his trial by a newspaper jury.

It has been my fortune—sometimes misfortune—to harbor some of the most picturesque characters in baseball—men whose names will remain in sport history long after others of more ability are forgotten. Always I have had a weakness for these odd personalities. I assure you, though, that the spice and flavor we got out of their presence has been offset by worry and troubles. I doubt if I ever will try another one.

I shall never forget Bugs Raymond. There, by the way, was one of the greatest natural pitchers that ever lived. He had his odd ways of thinking while off the field, but once in the box he knew exactly what he was doing. All we had to do was to keep him in physical condition. That, though, was the thing nobody ever succeeded in doing.

"Say, Mac," Chief Meyers said to me after he had caught Raymond for the first time, "that fellow can do more tricks with a baseball than any man in the world."

And he could. Raymond's long suit, of course, was his spitball. He could make the ball do the queerest of stunts and never did he hesitate to pull one of these tricks when the team was in a hole. Even though he sorely tried me at times, I must admit that he was largely responsible for one of our biggest season's successes.

Every fall Bugs would promise faithfully to go on the waterwagon. In the spring he would show up as if he meant what he said. In two or three weeks he would drop right back into his old habits. His fondness for companionship was his downfall. I think he knew every man and boy in every little town we ever played in as well as in the big league cities.

One season I tried to cure him by cutting off his money supply. I warned all the players and the sporting writers not to lend him a nickel. Just the same he would manage to get what he wanted somehow.

One day I sent him out in the bull pen to warm up. The pitcher in the box seemed to be wobbly. In those days the bull pen was back of the bleachers and out of sight of the spectators.

A half hour later I sent the bat boy for Bugs. He could not find him. The trainer then took up the hunt. Presently he returned with the information that Raymond was in a saloon down Eighth Avenue drinking beer. He had taken the new ball that I had given him for warming up and had sold it to the saloonkeeper.

One fall I persuaded him to take the Keeley cure at a Chicago institute. We got encouraging reports from week to week, but finally came the news that Raymond had been expelled for having scared his roommate, an old business man, almost to death by some rough horseplay.

Bugs was very proud of his term in the Keeley Institute. He even wore a class button and very proudly exhibited an album with photographs and other souvenirs of his schoolmates. He showed up at spring training camp with all these trinkets. Though expelled,

he really had quit drinking. I never saw him look better. He started like a whirlwind.

We were in Marlin, Texas, at the time. The newspaper men were sending back interesting stories of the wonderful reform of the Bugs, as we always referred to him. In about two weeks, though, I began to see ominous signs. Bugs had struck up an acquaintance with some farmers and cowboys.

We went to Dallas for an exhibition game and Bugs fell off the wagon with a splash. In those days they always served cocktails with the Sunday night dinner at the old Oriental Hotel, all prepared in advance and placed on long tables in the hotel pantry, just off the dining-room.

Knowing the head steward, Bugs decided to visit him. He left the dining-room and started to the kitchen. As he stepped through the swinging doors his eye lighted on the long rows of cocktails—hundreds of them—all lined up in rows. Promptly Raymond started right down the first row, drinking one after another until he had consumed more than a dozen.

That was the beginning of his downfall. The next day it rained and we missed him. He came in after midnight saying that he had been out with some old railroad friends.

To be sure that I did not misjudge him, I had a detective follow Bugs and make a detailed report of his activities for twenty-four hours. Mind you, all this time the reporters were still talking about Raymond's reform and the Texas papers were picking it up.

It was still raining the second day and I sent for Raymond. He denied everything, as usual. I was in a

dilemma. I didn't know whether to denounce him to the newspaper men, who had tried so hard to help him, or to make one more attempt to bring about reform. I didn't expect him to stay entirely sober, of course, but I figured that if I could keep him in half-way condition he could win some ball games for us at the beginning of the season.

Suddenly a scheme occurred to me. I decided to hold a secret court-martial—a trial “in camera” as the English say—with the newspaper men sitting as a jury. I knew I could trust every one of them. In fact I had never known a baseball reporter to violate a confidence. For that reason I have never hesitated to talk with them freely.

To this day the picture of that jury and the prisoner at the bar is the most amusing thing in my recollections. The jurors got up out of bed to come down and were half dressed, as I was.

As I remember, this jury was made up of Sam Crane, Sid Mercer, Bozeman Bulger, Damon Runyon, Charles Van Loan and one or two of the younger writers whose names I can't recall at the moment.

“Gentlemen,” I said to them, “I have called upon you to sit as a jury on this man. He has promised all of you not to drink and you have given him every help. You have praised him in the papers. He has violated that faith. He's a big bum that's laid down on his friends. Now I want you to hear the evidence and then it will be up to you to decide whether you shall expose his weakness in your papers and tell the world that he's no good, or whether you will overlook it and give him

one more chance. I won't ask you to keep anything out of the papers. I'll leave it to you."

In the meantime, Bugs sat there, his bloodshot eyes downcast, his hair tousled, his face unshaven.

"It's a damned lie, Mac—somebody's been lyin' to him, fellows," he said, in answer to my opening charge.

"You say it's a lie? Wait until I present the evidence. Look at him, boys!"

"Maybe he's just got a cold," suggested one of the writers. "A fellow's eyes get that way sometimes from too much reading."

There was a smile and hope came into Raymond's eye.

"I don't smell anything wrong with his breath," suggested another.

"How'd he get that way with no money—if it's licker?" another remarked.

As these remarks went round I slowly unfolded the typewritten sheets of the detective's report. Of course, all the baseball reporters knew just as well as I that Bugs had gone off the reservation and had been drunk. I began to read.

"Your operative followed one Bugs Raymond for eighteen hours," it said, "and noted his every movement. At 9 A.M. the said Raymond went into a saloon known as the Turf Exchange. In a back room he drank seven glasses of beer, ate a handful of pretzels and two Bermuda onions. From there your operative followed the said Raymond to the Knight saloon. There he drank nine glasses of beer, ate more pretzels and two or three onions, etc."

The jurors took careful notes of this and finally

summed it all up. The result of the tabulation was that Raymond, in twelve hours, had consumed forty-eight glasses of beer, a peck of pretzels and eight Bermuda onions.

"Now, what've you got to say to that?" I demanded of the defendant.

"It's a damned lie, Mac! Fellows, there ain't a word of truth in it!"

Several members of the jury averted their faces to hide their smiles.

"You mean to tell this jury," I asked, assuming indignation, "that this officer has sworn to a lie—you mean to say you didn't do this drinking of beer and eating of pretzels and onions?"

"It's a lie, just the same, Mac! Of course, I might've had a coupla dozen glasses of beer, but I'm tellin' you it's a lie—I ain't eat an onion in seven months!"

The jury couldn't hold in any longer. All of us broke into laughter.

"Bugs," one of the jurors finally asked, "in view of your abstinence from onions—this technical mix-up in the report—will you promise to lay off the rest of the stuff if given a chance?"

"Bet your sox I will! Fellows, I'm through!"

After a moment of deliberation the jury solemnly acquitted him and voted to say nothing in the papers and give him one more chance.

The defendant, declaring the jury to be a regular lot of guys, went out happy and—got drunk again that night.

At that he partially straightened up and pitched some good ball for several weeks.

CHAPTER V

Schreckengost and the "Cracker" contract—How Rube Waddell put one over on Connie Mack—Walter Brodie "waits out" a Boston pitcher.

You may have noticed that I have begun these memoirs with the present instead of with my early boyhood days. I did this advisedly, it always having been my belief that we can use the present to reflect on the past much better than to make the old days reflect on the present.

After I have recalled a few more of the picturesque characters of my thirty years in baseball, it is my intention to go back to the early days and drift down again. In that way I hope to recall landmarks that otherwise I might forget.

Next to Raymond the most picturesque characters—I don't necessarily mean drinking players—of my knowledge were Rube Waddell, Larry McLean, Ossie Schreckengost and Walter (Steve) Brodie.

Most baseball people remember the time when Schreck—the scorers had shortened his name to that—refused to sign a contract with Connie Mack until a clause was inserted that Waddell must not eat crackers in bed.

These two quaint characters always roomed together. At times they were a trial to Connie, and he figured that

he could keep an eye on them better by having them in the same room, especially on the road.

"No, Connie," said Schreck when he showed up to sign his new contract, "I won't sign it unless you put in there that Rube mustn't eat crackers in the bed. You know, the big bum has got to where he eats these little animal crackers every night. I didn't mind the flat crackers so much. But for a whole week last year I woke up with elephants' tusks and cowhorns stickin' 'tween my ribs."

Connie Mack gravely inserted the clause and Ossie signed.

Like Bugs Raymond, Waddell had an uncanny ability for getting money when there was none in sight. He had worked so many schemes on Connie that the Athletics' manager thought he couldn't be fooled.

One night in Detroit Rube came to Connie's room in deep distress. He had lost the diamond watch charm that had been given to each member of the team for having won the pennant. It was an expensive trinket and one that Waddell was very proud of. It was his fondest possession, and Mack knew it.

"I wanted to ask you what to do, Connie," said Rube. "How can I go 'bout findin' it? I know I had it on this afternoon."

"I would suggest," advised Connie, taking the matter very seriously, "that you put an ad in the local papers—yes, and offer a reward."

"How much reward, Connie, would be right? You know I'm flat broke. You know that better than anybody."

"That's true," said Mack, "but you go ahead and offer \$10 reward and if the diamond charm is found I will pay the reward myself."

Rube promptly put an ad in the paper.

The next day at noon he went down to a saloon where he had left the charm with the bartender, an old acquaintance.

"Connie," Rube said to his manager over the 'phone, "there's a guy down here in a saloon that's found my diamond charm. Will you come down and pay the reward for me?"

That sounded fair enough. So Connie walked down, paid the man the reward, turned the trinket over to Rube and they walked away. Waddell was very grateful. At the corner, though, he left Connie, slipped around the other way to the saloon and collected \$10 from the bartender, a large portion of which they proceeded to drink up.

Connie had been completely taken in. Now, you can't say that a man who can think up that scheme hasn't got a keen brain.

Waddell was one of the greatest pitchers that ever lived. He had such a large hand that he could encircle a baseball with his fingers as the ordinary man could a billiard ball. That gave him tremendous speed and also a wonderful curve.

Rube was very vain about his arm and had absolute confidence in being able to beat any club in the world. Generally he could do it, too. In the spring training exhibition games he used to demand that all the players except himself, the catcher and the first baseman be

taken off the field. For fun they let him do it. All the men he did not strike out he proposed to get out on infield grounders.

On several occasions he did that trick and actually got away with it.

I played on this vanity one time to win a game. That was many years ago. We knew Rube would pitch and we knew the chances were that he would beat us. As he came walking across the field from the club house I called to him to throw me a ball that had rolled out there. He made a great throw of it.

"That's no throw," I called back to him. "Look at this one." I threw the ball back.

Rankling at my remark, he whipped the ball from the fence to the plate. Again and again we went through this procedure, our players razzing his throws every time. Finally his arm was so tired that when he went in the box we gave him a trimming. He had to be taken out before the fifth inning.

One spring the Athletics showed up in Texas, and both our teams happened to be in Dallas at the same time. I was told by some of the Athletic players that Waddell had been missing for three days, that nobody could find him. He had a habit of going off fishing at the most unexpected moments—even in the middle of the season when the race was tight.

That night we were standing on the sidewalk in front of the hotel when a fire alarm was turned in. We all moved to the curb to watch the engines go by.

Presently one came by with a clang—a hook and ladder outfit. Imagine our surprise to see Rube Waddell

on the driver's seat clad in full fireman's regalia, rubber boots, metal hat, and all. And he was intent on his job.

They found that Waddell had gone to the Fire Department and got a job. He put himself off as an old fireman and had slept there with the men, sliding down the pole as skillfully as the best of them when an alarm sounded.

You can understand how quickly Connie Mack went down there and robbed the Fire Department of a good hand. Always they had to watch Rube to keep him from joining the Fire Departments in the various towns and cities where the club played.

Not long ago I was at a reunion of the old Baltimore Orioles. After having a big time several of the veterans, including Walter Brodie, were up in my room at the hotel.

"How is it, Mac," said Steve, as we called Brodie, "that you are always making out that I pulled boners? Lot of other fellows pulled boners, too—just as many as I did."

"Is that so?" I laughed. "Well, how 'bout the time you took that third strike against Boston?"

All of them started to tell it, very much to Steve's discomfiture.

Ed Hanlon, our manager, had been trying to impress upon all of us the necessity of waiting out the pitchers instead of hitting at bad balls. He could never do much with Steve. He would swing at anything. Finally Hanlon threatened to fine him if he didn't take a strike now and then and wait out the pitcher.

In a pinch Steve went up, this idea firmly fixed in his

mind. He took the first strike, the second—and the third.

“Now, don’t tell me I didn’t take ’em,” he growled at Hanlon as he came back to the bench. “I reck’n now you’re satisfied that I can take ’em—and—and I could’ve knocked any one of ’em over the fence!”

Having gone this far back, I guess before going on with Brodie and others this is a good place to start right at my beginning in baseball.

CHAPTER VI

How McGraw, batting left-handed, learned to hit into left field—The curve that couldn't be pitched—First professional days with the Olean team.

I GOT my first idea of learning to place hits when but sixteen years old, the idea being forced upon me through a lack of small change. Fifteen cents in those days was a lot of money. At the time there was no way of my knowing that I was building up the most valuable asset that any left-handed hitter could possess. My idea was purely commercial.

I was playing on the school team at Truxton, N. Y., where I was born. Always I was a left-handed hitter. The open lot on which we played was bounded on the right-field side by a schoolhouse with many windows. In right center there was a church. As a left-handed hitter naturally hits into right field, I broke several window panes. In addition to several threatened thrashings my father had to pay 15 cents for each pane of glass broken. Other fathers in our town had to do likewise. Mighty few boys in that time, or in our set, ever had that much spending money at one time.

To avoid this wrath of my old dad and to save as many 15 cents as possible, I studied how to change my position at bat so as to hit the ball into left field. In time I got to where I could hit in that direction just as well as into right.

The mastery of that art of hitting into either field while a boy is responsible, I think, for my batting and run-getting record in the major leagues. Often I have wished that I could devise some such compulsory method to make our present left-handed hitters shift from one field to the other.

You can easily understand, for instance, what confusion Babe Ruth would cause the opposing outfield if he could bat either way. They would never know where to play for him. This ability to shift is also invaluable in working the hit and run play. Willie Keeler had the art down pat. You can readily understand, therefore, why he and I worked the hit and run play so successfully for years on the old Baltimore club. But I am getting a little ahead of my story.

I started out as a pitcher. This will serve as an answer to many who asked why I always made pitching my life study.

During the World's Series one baseball writer quoted Bill Donovan as saying: "McGray turned out to be the best pitcher in the series."

Though intended as a pleasantry, I took that as a downright compliment. Even to this day I feel as if I could pitch, though I never did, in the big league. Pitching was my first love and I have never got away from it. To me it is the most fascinating art in the world. It really is an art, too—not merely science.

During the summer months up at Truxton I worked as butch boy on the accommodation train. I sold glass pistols filled with candy, magazines, bananas, chewing gum—all the things that the butch boys still handle out



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in the sticks. I was one of the smallest butch boys you ever saw. I didn't weigh more than 105 pounds.

In those days people scoffed at the idea of anybody making a baseball curve. It was but a few years ago, in fact, that many sceptics were really convinced.

In the smoking car, where I kept my stuff, there were many conversations and arguments about baseball. Very few believed that anybody could pitch a curve.

"What are you talking about?" said a man from my town to his companion, "there"—he pointed at me—"is a little fellow who can pitch a curve."

"Bet you \$10 he can't," the other came back. "At least, he can't prove it to me."

"I'd like to take a dollar of that myself," I chimed in. I was pretty fresh in those days.

The argument grew warmer and warmer until the money was finally put up. The conductor in the meantime had come along and got in it.

"I'll put up three stakes, twenty feet apart," I suggested, "and I will stand at one end of the row and the catcher at the other. I'll bet I can make the ball go on the right-hand side of the middle stake and the catcher will catch it on the left-hand side of the end one. That would be a curve, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, it would prove it all right," the man declared, "and I'm betting \$10 that you can't do it."

I had a ball and glove in my kit. So, at the next town the conductor held the train while we all got out on a vacant lot near the depot. All the passengers went with us. A man from the train said he would catch the ball for me.

As cocky as you please, I got out there, wound up, and, sure enough, I pitched an outcurve that went inside one stake and outside the other. The ball didn't break more than four inches to do this. I could easily put an eight-inch bend on it in sixty feet.

Well, my backer won the \$10 and gave me \$1 of it. The other man admitted that a curve ball could be pitched.

On account of my pitching and hitting on the school team I was made a member of the Truxton Grays, all home boys who played teams within a radius of twenty-five miles. I was very much younger and very much smaller than the other players. Still, I won two or three games, and this reputation caused the East Homer team to offer me a job. East Homer was five miles away, and I had to walk there and back. But I got \$2 for each game that I pitched or played in. I stepped right out and won my first game.

"I want you to pitch again Saturday," the manager said to me.

"All right," I agreed, "but it'll cost you \$5; and, what's more, you've got to send a hack to take me there and back."

The manager argued over this, but I was obdurate, and he finally gave in, after trying to make me compromise by paying the hack fare one way.

A. F. Kenney, a Truxton man, who managed the Olean, N. Y., club of the Iron and Oil League, had been watching me and giving me advice. After my success with the East Homer team Mr. Kenney offered me a job with the Olean team at \$60 a month and my

board. That's when I really started to play ball. I jumped at the chance.

My dad tried to persuade me to remain at home, but I talked him out of it.

"Why, dad, I'll be making \$3,500 a year before you know it," I said, and he finally gave in.

My fondest hope was realized. The height of my ambition was to be a professional ball player like those I had read about. And, sure enough, here I was, a professional. Gee, how good that word "professional" sounded!

And, with that job came the beginning of the end of my career as a pitcher. Manager Kenney put me on third base. I played six games there and we lost every one of them. I could field the ball all right, but on the throw I couldn't hit the first baseman or anywhere near him. I was quite a bust in my start as a third baseman. I was benched—and my friend from Truxton, too! I was certainly heartbroken. That benching, though, was the making of me, and often I have thanked Mr. Kenney from the bottom of my heart. I didn't then, though.

I was getting ready for a jump—there was no rule against it in those days—but a good laugh caused me to stay over another day or two. Al Smathers's team from Bradford, Pa., came over to play Olean, and Smathers had six dollars bet on the result.

In the fourteenth inning of that game, with the score a tie and two out, Egan, Olean's pitcher, singled over third. A stray dog dashed out of the crowd, grabbed the ball and ran away with it. All the players started

in pursuit, but the harder they chased the faster the dog ran, thinking it fine sport. In the meantime Egan ran around the bases and the umpire allowed the run to count.

To this day Smathers has never got over losing that game and the six dollars.

Bench warming grew irksome to me. The next night I packed up quietly and slipped away into new fields.

CHAPTER VII

Early experiences in Cedar Rapids—The half-wit who emptied the grandstand—Sammy Strang the first pinch hitter.

I JUMPED from Olean to the Wellsville club of the Western New York League. Again I became a pitcher, but it wasn't to last long. Every manager, it seemed, was determined to make an infielder out of me.

Though still in my teens, I was getting baseball experience rapidly. I also was beginning to get some interesting ideas of the viewpoint of the public toward the game. It was always difficult to make baseball managers and owners in those days understand that the public was really a part of the game. X

In one of those towns, or small cities, our ball park was located on an island. To get to the grandstand the spectators had to cross a narrow bridge at the end of a side street. The main street was up on a hill.

As usual in those towns, there was a half-witted young fellow who always hung around the park, taking a personal interest in everything connected with the team. At times he was a nuisance, but it was difficult to get rid of him. He ran errands for the players and took general supervision of everything.

One day the business manager, getting peeved at this fellow, ordered the gateman not to let him in the park

any more, saying that he had become too much of a nuisance.

At the regular time, though, the young fellow showed up at the gate.

"Nothing doing to-day," the gateman told him. "You can't come in. That's all there is to it—orders from the boss—there's nothing doing, I tell you."

Not for a moment did the poor fellow imagine that they were barring him from the park. He felt badly about there being nothing doing, so he set about to save other people trouble.

He stationed himself at the head of the street leading to the bridge. As the regular everyday fans came along, whether walking or in buggies, the half-wit ran out and stopped them.

"No use of going down there, folks," he would tell them, "there's nothing doing to-day. The boss just left word for me at the gate. There's no game—nothing doing."

In the kindness of his heart the poor fellow turned them back as fast as they came. As a result we played the game to an absolutely empty grandstand. Outside of the players and attendants there were not six people to see the game.

To make matters worse, it was pay-day and there were no gate receipts to help along. The manager had to dig down in his pocket.

After my season with Wellsville I became a rover. I joined Al Lawson's All-Americans on a trip to Cuba. That gave me my first idea of the rest of our own country and of foreigners.

Landing at Key West on our way back, I got a job with the Gainesville, Fla., team and played there during the early spring. Our team played against major league clubs then training in Florida, and that helped me wonderfully.

The papers gave me quite a lot of publicity on account of the Cuban trip. This, added to my work with Gainesville against the big clubs, brought me to the attention of many managers. For the season of 1891 I had offers from twenty-eight clubs. One of these was from my old friend Kenney at Olean. That, of course, I turned down. I didn't know exactly what to do and I had no older man to advise me.

I looked over all the offers carefully and then decided to grab the job that paid the most money, no matter where I had to go. This happened to be Cedar Rapids. They offered me \$125 a month, \$75 advance money and transportation. I got the \$75 by wire and started.

All my life I have had a deep sentiment for that Cedar Rapids club. For instance, the right fielder on it was Henry Fabian, now the groundkeeper at the Polo Grounds. I was signed as a shortstop. Other members of the club were: John Gedar, third base; Jake Drauby, first base; Wally Taylor, second base; Bill McGee, center field; Delos Woods, left field; Kid Williams, catcher; Billy Hofer, pitcher.

To illustrate what I mean by sentiment, I was looking over the names of some players that the Giants had a chance to get in the draft a few years ago. I knew nothing about any of them. But I saw that one of them was with Cedar Rapids.

"That's the fellow I'll take," I said to the Secretary of the club, "and I'm taking him simply because he comes from Cedar Rapids. That's where I got my first start. This new fellow, I'll bet, is good."

And we signed him. That fellow was Otie Crandall, the pitcher.

I was right, too. Otie stepped right in and made good. Not only was he a good pitcher but he could sock the ball. New York fans know mighty well how we used him successfully as both a pinch hitter and a pinch pitcher.

In a close, tight place—the bases full, for instance—Crandall was one of the coolest pitchers I ever saw. He had no fear, no nerves.

One day we rushed him in from the bull pen to take another pitcher's place.

"Huh," he said, "where'd all those fellows come from?"

The bases were full and there was nobody out.

"Oh, all right," said old Doc Crandall, as the boys called him, "let's go."

Without a flinch or quiver he started pitching and retired the side without a run. Crandall was a mighty valuable ball player. He could also play the outfield.

In this connection it was not a great while before Crandall's time that we began to use pinch hitters—that is, keep a man on the bench for that purpose alone. I may be mistaken, but I think Sammy Strang was one of the first ones ever engaged. In the old days we couldn't afford to have utility men sitting around the

bench except when needed in a pinch. Our utility men or substitutes were mostly the extra pitchers.

Strang was always a good hitter and very fast. He also was a good third baseman, a good second baseman and a good outfielder. The trouble was that he never cared about one position very long. He would go in and play second or third like a house afire for a few weeks and then lose his pep. He would get tired of the job. He liked new sensations. Give him any new job and he was such a naturally good ball player that he would go great guns. As soon as the novelty wore off he would get lazy.

Strang never got excited about anything in his life. Whether there were one or three men on bases and whether the world's championship depended on whether he hit or not meant nothing to him. He was devoid of nervousness.

With a smile and a yawn he would pick up a bat, walk up to the plate and lazily slam the ball out of the lot.

I decided to keep him as utility player and pinch hitter, giving him no regular job at all. Before that the professional pinch hitter was not known. Sammy lived up to all my expectations. He hung up a hitting record which I believe will stand for a long time to come. I put him up nine times as a pinch hitter and he hit safely nine times in succession. You can well imagine what that meant to a ball club. That was in 1905 and, if you will remember, we almost walked away with the pennant that year, as we did the World's Series.

But, getting back to Cedar Rapids—Henry Fabian tells me that when I showed up in April, 1891, I was the

freshest and cockiest kid that ever broke into a ball game. I sassed everybody. I thought I was just as good a ball player as any big leaguer in the business.

To tell the truth, I've always thought that those fresh, cocky youngsters who think they know it all are the best prospects. They have to be taken down occasionally, of course, but if they can keep that cocky spirit they will be good ball players nine times out of ten. They have confidence in their own ability, and that is a wonderful thing.

Believe me, I have had some fresh ones.

CHAPTER VIII

The freshest ball player—First meeting with Pop Anson—
McGraw's "jump" to the Baltimore Orioles—The first
big league game.

THOUGH he preceded me by a few years, the freshest ball player within my knowledge was Arlie Latham. His first appearance was with the Buffalo team, of which Sam Crane, the sporting writer, was the manager.

In those days ball players were not kept on the bench for a long time before being sent in a game. The moment a new man was signed the fans wanted to see him in action at once and so did the manager.

Arlie showed up in the morning and played in a regular game that afternoon. He was so fresh on the bench that the older players got disgusted and refused to talk to him. That didn't so much as make him hesitate.

"Quit your mouthing and get out and show something," one of them suggested to him.

"Yes," added Manager Crane, "either keep your mouth shut or stay off the bench."

Arlie was next at bat. He went over and picked up a bat and deliberately turned around and made a monkey face at his manager. Pretty good for a start, eh?

Walking to the plate, Latham addressed himself freely to the pitcher and made a profound bow to the

stand. A minute later he caught a ball on the nose and whipped it to deep center for three bases. •

"Now, old Methuselah," he called to the next batter, a veteran, "you better stop talking and do something like that. How's that, Sam?" he called to the astonished manager.

The next batter did get a long hit. Latham could have walked home. Seeing where the ball had gone, though, he started turning handsprings or flip-flops and turned them all the way to the plate, landing the last time squarely on the rubber.

The crowd, according to Sam Crane, went wild with delight.

That I consider a pretty fresh start for a youngster. But Arlie didn't stop there. He remained fresh throughout his career. He was one of the most amusing characters in baseball—a good player, too.

Latham is now running the check room for coats and hats in one of the London hotels. William Fleischmann, a veteran baseball fan, made this discovery of Latham. He walked into the coat room last year.

"My word, if it hain't a bally Hamerican!" someone said behind him, trying to imitate the cockney accent.

Fleischmann turned to face Arlie Latham, just as fresh as ever.

X As I say, I have always had a soft spot in my heart for the fresh youngster. I guess it was because I was that way myself, and I can understand them. They don't really mean to be impudent or disrespectful, but enthusiasm and desire for action simply bubbles out of them. To kill that spirit would be a fatal mistake. At



OLEAN BASEBALL TEAM
NEW YORK AND PENNSYLVANIA LEAGUE
1890

*Standing, Left to Right, Top Row—Doyle, Fee, Judson, Ansel
Center Row—Beggy, Shea, Kinney, Egan
Bottom Row—McGraw, Heinie, Wetzel*



BALTIMORE BASEBALL CLUB
1894

PENNANT WINNERS

Edward Hanlon says John J. McGraw was the most valuable player to a baseball club he ever knew

the same time they've got to be checked and put in their places occasionally.

In baseball we have a very rigid rule of seniority among players that helps to cool the youngsters off. For instance, a rookie never gets a lower berth on a sleeper until after all the regulars have been so provided.

One night we were coming from the training camp in Texas and a fresh young pitcher had been placed in an upper berth directly under the ceiling light of the car. He turned and squirmed awhile but said nothing. The light was directly in his eyes, it seemed, no matter which way he turned.

About midnight when everything was quiet, the young fellow started calling to me. I was in the drawing-room with the door open.

"Say, Mac," he called out, "for the love of Mike get one of them outfielders up here. I'm a pitcher. I can't play this sunfield!"

I guess Henry Fabian is right when he says I was as fresh and cocky as green paint when I showed up there at Cedar Rapids. I thought I had something on the rest of the fellows because I had been to Cuba.

The very first game I played for Cedar Rapids was against Anson's Chicago Colts. At that time "Cap" Anson was probably the most famous man in baseball. The Chicago club was on the way home from a training trip to Denver. They stopped off and played an exhibition game with us.

It was the first time I had played in a class that I thought I was entitled to. I made up my mind that

I would show up that big league club, and I felt confident that I could do so.

Bill Hutchinson, one of the best pitchers ever turned out by Yale University, was pitching for Chicago, and I got the first crack at him—a clean single.

“Say, old-timer,” I said to the famous “Cap” Anson, as I ran past him, “so, that’s what you call big league pitching, eh? We’ll murder that fellow.”

Anson looked at me in astonishment. My impudence almost took his breath away. You can imagine how this must have sounded coming from a kid of eighteen years who weighed but 120 pounds.

Before the day was over I had three hot arguments with the Chicago manager, but finally he saw the humor of it and smiled at me encouragingly. I’ll never forget how good that smile made me feel.

At shortstop I accepted eleven chances that day and led our team at bat. It was a big day for me. After the game Anson, forgetting my freshness and impudence, said some nice things about my playing—actually asked me how I would like to play for Chicago sometime. That went to my head immediately. Gee, but I was chesty over having attracted the attention of the great Anson!

All thoughts of Three-I League (Illinois, Iowa and Indiana) and things like that went out of my head. I would be a big leaguer or nothing.

In those days, you must understand, we had no such baseball government and system as we have now. If a player in a small league got an offer from a big league

team he would simply jump his club and take it. There was no penalty attached. That was quite customary.

Bill Gleason, the famous old shortstop of the St. Louis Browns when Charley Comiskey was manager, had finished his days as a big leaguer and was playing with one of the clubs in our league. He knew of my ambition and told me he would see what could be done for me. In the meantime I had received several offers, one from the Pacific Coast.

"I have a letter from Billy Barnie, manager of the Baltimore Orioles," Gleason told me one day. "He wants to know how good you are."

That information gave me the greatest thrill of my life. I was up in the clouds.

"Well, you can tell him I'm just about as good as they come," I suggested, Gleason grinning at my cockiness.

Just the same he gave Barnie a good report. A few days later Gleason advised me to join the Baltimore club; that Barnie would send me a ticket.

I packed up my bag and went out of Cedar Rapids with a running jump, reporting to Baltimore in the middle of the season of 1891.

I walked into Barnie's office and announced myself as ready to do a lot of business. For a whole minute he stared at me.

"You don't mean to say that this is the ball player I've been writing about. Why, you're just a kid—can you play ball?"

"If you don't think so," I retorted, "just get me out

there and watch my smoke. I'm a bigger fellow than I look." I weighed 121 pounds.

I got my chance right away at short. I was so nervous, though, that when the first grounder came to me I kicked it all over the lot.

Then came my great chance in my first big league game. The bases were full when I came to bat and—I struck out.

"Kid," Barnie said to me, "what was that you said about smoke?"

Old Phil Knell was the pitcher that day, and I'll never forget his curve. Finally I hit one for a single. I had a start—and in the big league.

CHAPTER IX

Is modern baseball superior to old?—Plays that were never heard of thirty years ago—Origin of the “charley-horse”—New spirit of the game.

SEVERAL of the veteran players and old-time fans have responded to our questionnaire by asking if I think present-day baseball an improvement on the game in the old days, and if I think ball players are better to-day than they were thirty years ago.

I do not wish to answer that question idly. I have given it considerable thought. In my last chapter I told of my start with the old Baltimore Orioles, which I will resume a little further on. Prior to that I discussed the recent World's Series. This, I believe, gives me a good chance to answer that question now. In those thirty years I have seen much of baseball. My greatest asset has been a good memory.

There is no question in my mind but that present-day baseball is better. Also there are more good ball players to-day than there ever were before, simply because there are more people playing ball. x

In those days, if you will recall, there was but one major league. There were but few minor leagues. Consequently there was not so large a force of players to draw from. It is very much like a small college trying to turn out as many good football players as one of the big universities. The ones who are selected have

much more chance to be developed and polished in their profession.

✓ The game itself has improved in many ways. To give you an idea, it was not until Charley Comiskey's time that a first baseman was really an infielder. Before that the first sacker stood right on the bag, and balls hit between him and second base went through. I have even seen second basemen stand on the bag in the smaller games. Comiskey, Anson and others started the idea of playing well off the bag and covered infield ground like a second baseman, a shortstop or a third baseman.

This in turn developed the idea of the pitcher covering first base in case the first baseman had to go too far for a ground ball. One new play like that usually develops another. As a result we work plays nowadays that were never heard of thirty years ago.

Most of you can recall when it was considered a wonderful play for a pitcher to leave his box, race over to first base and take the throw from the first baseman. A pitcher who did this got great applause and was extolled in the newspapers for being a "heady" ball player. In this day and time a pitcher is supposed to do that as a matter of course. Nothing is thought of it. But he is given a terrible razzing if he fails to do it.

Another play that has developed is of the shortstop covering third base on a bunt between third and the pitcher. If a runner is on second base and the batter bunts toward third, the chances are that the third baseman will be drawn in to field the ball and that third will be left uncovered.

If both the pitcher and the third baseman should go for the bunt, it is the duty of the shortstop to dash over and cover third base so as to take a throw.

On more general principles, baseball has improved simply because the equipment is better. In that way it is much like billiards. Everything is made as nearly perfect as possible so that there can be no misjudgment of balls due to bad grounds.

Thirty years ago we had no such perfect grass infields and outfields as we have to-day. The ground-keepers were not expert landscape gardeners. They made a ground fairly good and let it go at that. Nowadays a ball player will kick to the groundkeeper if a single pebble interferes with the bound of a ball. The ground must not be too heavy or too fast. The grass of the infield must be as smooth as a billiard table. In the old days we had to take them as they came. Some grounds were fairly good, some were awful. To-day all of them are practically perfect.

Ball players are taken care of much better every way. This is particularly true of their food and their surroundings for rest. The hotels are wonderful as compared with the days of the old Orioles. Players know much more about the science of hygiene and sanitation.

On top of that every club has an expert trainer, a man who rubs the players down, kneads sore muscles, looks after every little ailment. They have hot and cold shower baths, rubbing tables, and all that sort of thing.

Why, I can remember when I went as long as ten weeks without getting a rubdown. If I got one then

I was lucky. It was not an everyday thing. Everything now is specialized. We have experts who treat nothing but sore muscles or charley-horse, as we call those peculiar kinks that bunch up the leg muscles without any warning. We have others who specialize on bones of the body. Nobody yet has been able to correct bones of the head, but maybe that will come. I certainly hope so.

The ~~word~~ charley-horse originated from the old name given to the family horse, usually lame or broken down in the legs some way. Those family horses were called old Charley horses. So when ball players got tied up in the muscles of their legs they were referred to as charley-horse. In time this name was applied to the ailment itself.

If you have never had a charley-horse you may not be able to understand what a terrible thing it is to be a ball player. In starting with a spring for a sprint to a base, the muscles sometimes will kink up in a bunch. No amount of rubbing will put them back into their places for several days. It is very painful. Besides that, the ball player is stopped from playing.

During the last World's Series Casey Stengel was suddenly taken out of the game after making a hit. Nobody seemed to know why. In going from first to second he suddenly pulled a charley-horse. It was with difficulty that he could even limp to the bench. As a result of that Stengel was unable to play again.

While we have more good ball players to-day than we did in the olden times and while the game itself has improved, I do not mean to say that baseball spirit

has improved. Rather I would be inclined to say that team spirit was even better thirty years ago. To-day the baseball player is more of a business man. He looks out for himself. As a rule, he is more concerned about his own future than the future of the club itself. There are exceptions to this, of course.

Back in the nineties a new player was looked upon as a welcome addition to the gang—not just a piece of property for the owners. The other players took it upon themselves to help develop him so as to make their organization stronger. To-day the manager gets some help from the regular players in developing a new player, but not so much as in those days. To-day he has to depend largely on the coach and his other assistants engaged for that purpose.

It is rather difficult to express just what I mean in that respect—the difference in the way a newcomer is regarded. The best illustration I can give is that a young ball player in the old days was taken in very much as the new man is received on a college football team to-day. Everybody takes a personal interest in him. That's the way we did in baseball thirty years ago when ball players were not so numerous. Nowadays the ball player is a business man trying to sell his wares. If he doesn't make good the players know pretty well that the management will get another in his place. He can go back to the minors for improvement and return when he is better developed.

It was that spirit of every player working for the interest of the team—every player taking a personal interest in it—that I found when I joined the Orioles

back there in the early nineties. I was mighty young and fresh. Just the same they gave me a helping hand.

Before I had got going good, though, the National League consolidated with the American Association and formed a twelve-club league. This forced me to the bench. Our club was not going so good and there was a change in management. Right there I got my first impressions of constructive baseball—of how to build up a team.

CHAPTER X

The "bench" school of training—McGraw shifted to second base—First meeting with Hugh Jennings—Trading experience for an education.

THE ball player, through his eagerness to jump right into the limelight at the start and through his bitter disappointments over setbacks, rarely considers the trials and difficulties of the manager. Of course, he is young and impatient, while the manager is usually careful and cautious. The manager must be responsible for the team as a whole and for results. The player's concern is for his own advancement.

In 1892, when I found myself on the bench as the result of the twelve-club consolidation, I felt as if the bottom had dropped out of the world. At the same time I felt confident of my own ability to make good eventually. For one time I had no inclination to jump to some other team. I bided my time as best I could and kept practicing all the while. I also watched the other players closely. I tried to imitate their good points and to avoid their bad ones. This was excellent training for me, though I didn't realize it. Always I have regarded bench treatment as such good training X that I have kept good ball players there for several months and paid their salaries so that they could absorb a lot of baseball observation. An example of this was George Burns. He had our style of game

so pat from weeks of observation on the bench that when he went in as a regular he was almost a finished ball player. He never went back to the bench to stay.

The Orioles, at the time I joined them, were not doing so well. We were losing game after game and the attendance was hardly large enough to pay expenses. George Van Haltren was the manager and Harry von der Host the owner.

Mr. von der Host decided to change managers, and finally succeeded in securing Ed Hanlon, then with Pittsburgh.

Ed Hanlon had a wonderful faculty of organization, a trait that he had never had a chance to develop fully until he came to Baltimore. His policy always was one of construction. I find it a general impression that Hanlon was more particularly noted for his ability to develop inside baseball. It is true that he doted on that, but if I were to decide between the two I would say he was a greater organizer and builder than a field general. Everybody realized his ability as a field general but only a few ever gave him credit for his really masterful work in building up a team.

Within a few days after his arrival Hanlon began making shifts. He took me from the bench and put me at second base. I was overjoyed and naturally thought him the best manager I ever had seen.✓

In my new position I played my first game against "Cap" Anson's Chicago club. The "Cap" remembered me from Cedar Rapids. I was more than anxious to make good that day, and I did. I had a perfect fielding average and got three clean hits. This made an

impression on Anson. He had forgiven me for my freshness and cockiness—rather liked it, I think. Anyway, after that game he offered to trade Jimmy Ryan for me. Ryan was an outfielder on the Chicago team. Hanlon refused, much to my delight. That was an important moment in my life. If I had gone to Chicago I would have missed those happy days on the Orioles—might have missed my chance to progress.

But Hanlon was a wise manager in ways that I did not appreciate. He thought me a little inexperienced for second base and made a deal by which he got "Cub" Stricker, a second baseman of reputation and experience. I was benched again. Hanlon offered to farm me out to the Mobile, Ala., club, but I protested so violently against going that he consented to let me stay on the bench. I finished the season as general utility man. I played every position except pitcher, catcher and first base. If I remember correctly, I played in seventy-two games and did pretty well. Experience was building me into a real big league ball player. Hanlon was watching me closely.

During the winter following that season, Hanlon, having felt his way, began the construction of what was to be one of the most famous baseball clubs of all time—what is known now as the old Baltimore Orioles, the team that did things. In a way this team really revolutionized baseball, brought out its possibilities in ways never before thought of.

Hanlon began making trades—big trades. So uniformly successful was he in these deals that he got the name of "Foxy Ned." To begin with he swapped Third

Baseman Tim O'Rourke to Louisville for Harry Taylor and Hugh Jennings. The former played out the season and retired to take up the study of law. Harry Taylor is now a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, and is located at Buffalo. If he is as good a Judge as he was a first baseman and a hitter they won't get away with many inside legal plays on him.

Hugh Jennings and I became pals immediately. We have been ever since. He is now my first lieutenant in the management of the Giants. Jennings was a red-headed, freckle-faced kid and fresh, like myself. We took to each other the first time we met, both of us having the same ambitions and aspirations. We were allowed to room together and this close association and chance to exchange ideas was of great benefit to both of us. Hughey and I have been pals all our baseball lives. We became separated when he took the management of the Detroit Tigers, but the moment he retired from that position I offered him his present job so that we could continue to be together. His friendship and loyalty have been an inspiration to me. And I want to say right here that his help in handling the Giants has been invaluable. To those who watched closely that help could be seen in the last two World's Series. Eventually I was placed at third base regularly and Jennings at short. I played that position the rest of my days as an active player.

In our room at night Jennings and I used to discuss ways of playing our positions. Often we have gone out early in the morning to practice on a certain kind of grounder that had been missed the day before. I

have had Jennings hit as many as sixty at me until I overcame what we had considered a fault. In turn I would hit to him. This, mind you, was in addition to the regular practice. We tried much harder to perfect ourselves in our profession than ball players do nowadays.

Among other faults we decided that we had overlooked our chances to get an education. Baseball had taken us out of school. I decided to take a course in St. Bonaventure College, Allegheny, Pa., and had no difficulty in persuading Jennings to go with me. We were not financially able to pay for an education, but we agreed to exchange our knowledge of baseball for our college education. The college authorities agreed to this and our tuition cost nothing more than helping to train the school team.

We kept this up for four years. At the end of each ball season we would pack up our things and go to St. Bonaventure. That is how both of us got what education we have, though Hughey later went to Cornell and took a course in law. Those college days, by the way, were the pleasantest of our lives.

It was then that my youthful mind began to appreciate what it is to have an education, or, rather, to have a trained mind. I was determined to be in position to appreciate the principles of progress in any profession. After learning the difference I have ever since made an effort to get college players whenever I could. I often have wished that some of my players had the persistence that Jennings and I had. We could have some wonderful teams if the players would try to

educate and inform themselves during their off months.

But, in this digression, I have got away from Ned Hanlon's constructive policy. I will take that up now. I had much to learn when we reported at New Orleans the next spring.

CHAPTER XI

Ned Hanlon starts a revolution in baseball—How Jennings improved his batting average—Invention of the "hit and run" play—New blood for the Orioles.

WHEN we showed up at New Orleans in the spring of 1894 for training I got an inkling of what Ned Hanlon was trying to do in the way of building up a ball club. It was very clear to me that he was seeking youth and spirit. Up to that time—and that is often true to-day—baseball people hesitated to try anything new. Veterans can be counted on to do the right thing—at any rate, the usual thing—and there is a tendency to let them go along. But managers, in this sense of security, go too far. They do not realize that the old-timers are slipping; do not see the necessity of young blood soon enough. In other words, it is a human failing to follow the line of least resistance. The work of building is tedious and nerve-racking. To avoid it is human.

Ned Hanlon evidently had made up his mind to get rid of all these old ideas and spring something entirely new on the big league. He had been impressed by the eagerness and ambition of kids like Jennings and myself.

So, when we arrived at New Orleans we found another young fellow—Joe Kelley. Joe had come to Baltimore in exchange for George Van Haltren, the deposed leader of the Orioles. Joe was a wonderful

outfielder, was fast and could hit. Like Jennings and myself, he also thought and dreamed baseball.

The first day of practice Jennings walked up to the plate, stepped into the ball and smacked it for a single. Hanlon was surprised to see that he did not pull away from the plate, as had been his failing the year before. We had corrected that fault during the winter at St. Bonaventure College.

Jennings had hit but little over .200, but had been retained on account of his wonderful fielding. He had the bad habit of pulling away with his forward foot when swinging at the ball. In baseball we call that putting one's foot in the water bucket, the idea being that a player will pull so far away as to step to the bench. That pull away naturally draws the bat so far from the plate that it is practically impossible to meet the ball squarely. We talked this over for hours. Finally I hit on a scheme that Jennings agreed to try.

In the college cage I placed Jennings up against the screen so that it was impossible for him to pull away in that direction. For hours I pitched to him. Being unable to back away he had to step into the ball. The foot, instead of going off to one side, would step directly forward. This was very awkward at first. For a long time it looked as if we could not get away with the scheme. But Hughey and I were both determined. After a week of this he found himself stepping into the ball instead of away from it.

This practice wrought such a change in his batting that the next season he hit .320 as against the former .200.

In addition to facing the ball this changing of the direction of the step enables the batter to hit the ball in front of the plate. He can thus meet the ball before it breaks. In other words, he is on top of the ball instead of the ball being on top of him.

In those days we practiced the short, sharp chop at the ball instead of the long swing. Of course we did not hit so many home runs by that style of batting, but we got many more base hits and consequently won many more games.

In this connection, it is my belief that the present epidemic of home runs is due to the fact that most of the batters are trying to hit home runs instead of trying to hit the ball scientifically. That may be all right for a few hard swingers, but it is not good for a team as a whole. Of course, the lively ball helps a lot, but the increase in home run hitting, I believe, is largely due to the fact that batters are catching their bats on the end and swinging from their shoestrings. They are trying to hit home runs, instead of merely trying to hit safe. They will either knock the ball out of the lot or strike out. In our early days we worked on the theory of meeting the ball and shoving the runner around. That I still think the best system.

A while back, you will recall, I told of having fined Sammy Strang \$25 for hitting a home run when I had instructed him to bunt the ball. That is an example of the difference in methods. To-day if Sammy had hit that home run he would have been a great hero. I might have fallen for the glamour of it myself, because everybody seems to be running to the long swing style

of hitting nowadays. Still, I would never stand for any ball player disobeying instructions, even though it won a game.

That season we had as a battery Wilbert Robinson, one of the greatest catchers that ever lived, and John McMahon, better known as "Sadie" McMahon, as pitcher. We have never had many better pitchers than McMahon. In addition to being a great pitcher he was a great judge of ball players and a close student of the game.

It was "Sadie" McMahon, by the way, who discovered George Burns, the outfielder. I had engaged McMahon as scout for the Giants. He went out with the intention of getting a good ball player or nothing.

"I may not find a good one," he said to me; "but I won't dig up any bad ones. It's my idea that too much money and time are wasted on ball players just for the sake of trying them out."

McMahon scouted all season, and I heard little or nothing from him.

"Mac," he said on his return, "I have covered the whole United States and I have found but one ball player who looks good. I'll bet on him."

This man was George Burns, and the fans of the country know enough about this great outfielder to appreciate McMahon's judgment. He more than earned his year's salary by digging up that one player.

Wilbert Robinson had his heart and soul in baseball, and he chimed right in with the ambitions of Jennings, Kelley and myself. Though he was older, he was just as young in spirit. Working with him and

McMahon, we thought up many new plays and schemes for advancing base runners. We really gave the hit and run play its first good start.

To work the hit and run play successfully it is necessary that the batters be adept in placing the ball. I imagine that most every fan understands the principle of this play. The main idea is, if there be a runner on first, to signal him to start for second, as if to steal a base. At the same moment the batter swings at the next ball whether it be a good one or not. Having watched the opponents he has a pretty good idea as to whether the second baseman or the shortstop will cover second base.

If the second baseman starts to cover the bag it is the batter's cue to smack the ball between first and second—through the spot left vacant by the second baseman. If the shortstop is to cover, the hit is shifted to the other side of the diamond. Now, it takes good batters to do that.

We worked this play very successfully several times. Hanlon, seeing the possibilities of a whole team of such ambitious players, began figuring for other new players.

Anyone with half an eye to the future could see the gradual making of a great championship team. Though we did not know it he already had put out feelers for additional talent.

Even with the small nucleus that we had we developed a fighting policy. We learned how to slide accurately and went into every game, determined to win. Never did we play for a tie. We wanted a victory or nothing. I have never believed in playing for a tie. For instance,

if there is a runner on second and we need a run to tie I always call for a hit instead of a sacrifice. One run would merely tie the score. A long hit might bring the one run and start another. The main idea is to win. An effort merely to tie we always considered a sign of weakness.

Aggressiveness is the main thing in baseball. That is what we were aiming at. Hanlon added to our wallop by a series of big trades. This move on his part started something.

CHAPTER XII

"Hit-'Em-Where-They-Ain't" Keeler—The greatest team in baseball history—Horseshoe luck that beat the Giants.

IN the spring of 1894 we again arrived at New Orleans for training to find that Manager Hanlon had given us the needed cog to our machine—the key to the combination that made the Orioles the most famous of ball clubs. During the off months he had put through what I consider one of the greatest trades ever made in baseball. It was certainly the greatest ever made by Hanlon—and he made many.

Hanlon had traded Shindle and Treadway to Brooklyn for Willie Keeler and Dan Brouthers. As I remember, it was even swap. I mean Brooklyn thought it an even swap. As a matter of fact, Hanlon in a couple of trades like that laid the foundation for baseball fame and fortune. He was a wonderful trader.

Dan Brouthers was one of the heaviest hitters in baseball and Keeler developed into one of the most scientific players the game has ever known. To this day one of Willie's remarks about hitting is a classic epigram of the diamond.

When asked the secret of batting the little fellow replied: "Hit 'em where they ain't." That was all.

In addition to Keeler and Brouthers, Hanlon also had secured Bill Clarke, the catcher, and Heinie Reitz, the second baseman, from California.

With that group of talent Hanlon immediately formed a new line-up—the line-up that made the Orioles a historical institution. The batting order was: McGraw, 3b; Keeler, rf; Kelley, lf; Brouthers, 1b; Jennings, ss; Brodie, cf; Reitz, 2b; Robinson, Clarke, c; McMahon, Esper, Hoffer, Gleason, Pond and Clarkson, pitchers. Later Kid Gleason came from St. Louis and joined us. That, believe me, was a ball club.

This was a new combination, all young players, full of pep, fire and ambition. They surely could play ball. It was easily the best team of its day and time. I still hold the opinion that, from many angles, it was the best of all times. Teamwork was our middle name; everything had to give way to that.

The great thing about that team was that every one of us, individually, felt that it belonged to us. Hanlon didn't have to scold or punish a player for failing to do his part. We attended to that ourselves. No player could come back to that bench after a bad play and expect to take it easy.

Another evidence of the greatness of that ball club is that it is the only one that remains in spirit a team to this day. Every year we have a reunion. The players have looked after each other all these years. It is like an old college football team. You can remember that team as a unit. Others you can not. On other ball clubs the players have forgotten where its members are. On the Orioles we always know.

Dan Brouthers, for instance, is now watchman at the Polo Grounds. Dan is growing old, but he always will have a job. Keeler died at his home in Brooklyn.



Standing—KELLEY, McGRAW, POND
Seated—JENNINGS, KEELER

It was our custom to visit him every year before he died.

The old Orioles thought of nothing but baseball. Our interest was to win. Salaries were secondary in consideration. We met every night and talked over our successes and failures. If it was a trip to a theater all of us went and sat together. Nowadays one or two ball players may go out together at night. In those days we all went together.

We knew that we had a great ball club and for that very reason I think we won a lot of ball games. We fought each other, of course, but such rows were the result of some player making a mistake. We fought for the welfare of the team. Each player regarded himself as the manager of the other. Hanlon had little to do other than to encourage us to keep on. He had built well.

During the training period we perfected many inside plays, such as the hit and run, the unexpected bunt, and so on. Keeler was a marvelous place hitter. I was not so bad at it myself. My long suit, though, was my eye. I was a good waiter and rarely hit at a bad ball. For that reason I led the batting order. Keeler, on account of his place-hitting ability, followed me. I think, with all due modesty, that we worked the hit and run play more perfectly than I have seen since. If I reached first I would give the sign and Keeler, almost invariably, would hit the ball in the right place. Then we had Kelley and Brouthers, the long hitters, to clean up. If we slipped, there were Brodie and Robinson at the other end of the batting order to clean up after Jennings and Reitz had started something.

Word had reached other clubs of our new style of play—this trick stuff by kids, as they called it. All over the league the old-timers were disposed to kid us. I shall never forget our start that year.

We went up against the New York Giants, managed by John Montgomery Ward, in a four game series. They had trained at Charleston and had come direct to Baltimore from the camp to start the season. The Giants had been touted as sure pennant winners. They had a staff of famous pitchers—Amos Rusie, Jouett Meekin, Dad Clarke and Hyler Westervelt.

All baseball was astounded by our feat of winning four straight games from the famous Giants. Right off the reel, in the first game, Willie Keeler and I stood them on their heads by pulling the hit and run play.

They thought it merely a bit of luck that we should happen to hit the ball through a hole just left by the baseman going to cover the bag. Not for a moment would they believe such a play was prearranged.

“Just a lot of horseshoe luck,” said John Ward, dumfounded at our victory.

Not until we had won four games by these so-called tricks did Ward grasp the system of teamwork and new plays that had been sprung on him. He sincerely believed them to have been accidents. Later he awoke and acknowledged that we really had pulled something new in baseball.

What we did to his four star pitchers was a plenty. It happened to be my luck to win the last game by a hit in the ninth inning.

That one series made the Orioles. Seeing that our

stuff had worked, we were full of confidence and cockiness. Jennings, Keeler, Kelley, Robinson and myself organized ourselves into a sort of committee. We were scheming all the time for a new stunt to pull on our opponents. We talked, lived and dreamed baseball. That was the secret of our success. Woe betide the player who failed us! His life on the bench was not a pleasant one. He never forgot the roasting and never failed to deliver one if somebody else failed.

Last fall I heard much of the sensational invasions of both the Giants and the Yanks in the West. Well, that year the Orioles made an invasion that was even a greater sensation. We started on the last Western trip a half game in the lead. We finished four games ahead, having won eighteen straight games and twenty-four out of the last twenty-five. But for an accident to Wilbert Robinson, who slipped in the mud while about to make a play, we would have won the whole twenty-five.

Our best work was at Pittsburgh, where we gave the prettiest exhibition of place hitting that I ever hope to see. The left-handers poked the ball into left field and the right-handers poked it into right, time and time again. The Pirates were completely confused and dazed. They had never seen anything like that before—neither had we.

That fall we lost the Temple Cup series to the Giants but Jennings and I got back to St. Bonaventure as heroes. We were champions. It was a royal reception. But, speaking of receptions—

CHAPTER XIII

**Oratory that misfired—The mustache era in baseball—
Umpire Jack Kerns and the lemon "strike."**

AFTER the sensational season in which the Orioles won their first championship the newspapers all over the country made us famous. By attributing it to new methods, they were so carried away with the inside batting work of our team that they printed many stories to the effect that we had won the pennant without having to depend upon our pitchers.

As a matter of fact, our pitchers did good work, but this was the cue for a lot of stories in the newspapers. Before that pitchers always had been given all the credit. This was supposed to be something new.

Our team was asked to visit the home town of one of the pitchers—McMahon, I think it was—for a big reception to be given in his honor. All of us were eager to hear ourselves extolled as well, so we went in full force. The little town talked nothing but baseball for two or three days—the coming of the now famous Orioles.

To make the affair even more impressive the committee had invited the Congressman of the district to make the address of welcome. He was noted as a famous orator, but, as you will see, knew very little about baseball or its players. Just the same he pre-

tended to. He came all loaded for a great speech, so he thought.

Being shy of information this oratorical Congressman had secured clippings from the papers which told how we had won without the aid of our pitchers. He didn't even realize that this big reception was given as a boost for McMahon by the home town.

The stage of the public hall was decorated with flags and baseball emblems. All of our players were seated in a semicircle facing the audience. The master of ceremonies sat in the middle with the Congressman—the big punch of the meeting—at his right. We all tried our best to look dignified and important. McMahon and the other pitchers were grouped immediately behind the speaker. I can see that picture to this day. And, as I see the picture, all of us wore mustaches. That was the thing in baseball then. I had a big black one which looked very impressive—to me with my weight of 123 pounds. Robbie had a fancy one, very carefully twisted up at the ends.

After a few words the master of ceremonies introduced the Congressman. We all got out for some big league stuff in the way of oratory.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the Congressman, "you are now looking upon the greatest collection of athletes that the world has ever known. They form what is known as the Baltimore Orioles, the greatest, most picturesque and most spectacular baseball club in history. They have honored us by coming here to break bread with our humble townfolk. We consider that more of an honor than they can understand. Little

do you realize what this growth of an athletic game and the presence of its most noted exponents means to our coming young manhood. [Applause.]

"In my arduous duties at the National Capitol it may be that you think that I have had no time to give to baseball. But you are wrong. I devote much time to it. I study it and I respect it. I appreciate it. I know what this collection of sterling athletes has done. I realize how they have won. These men, despite handicaps, have won a championship. The glory and wonder of that achievement, though, is that they have won with practically no pitching staff at all—the worst pitchers in baseball!"

McMahon and Doc Pond, who had been leaning forward in anticipation of the climax, almost fell out of their chairs. The crowd was stunned for a moment and then broke out laughing.

The great orator did not know that the whole show was given in honor of McMahon. He had tried to bull his way through by reading the papers—Washington papers.

The show was a bust. The next election the Congressman lost that county.

It was several seasons before we got through kidding our pitching staff about that speech.

And speaking of mustaches, I must tell you one on Wilbert Robinson.

As I have said, Robbie was always careful about his mustache having that snappy upward twist at the ends.

Tim Hurst, the umpire, who died some years ago, never thought much of mustaches. He shot many a

witty crack at the players about these appendages. Tim, as you know, perhaps, never took any back talk from a player. If he did the player suffered in the consequent repartee.

One day Robbie was catching and there was a Boston runner on first. By a quick move Robbie shot the ball down to the bag and the runner, apparently, was blocked off the bag.

But Hurst did not call him out. He merely spread out his hands, indicating that the runner was safe. There was a big howl from the crowd.

"What's the matter with you, Tim?" Robbie demanded to know. "Are you blind? Why, I had that man frozen off the bag. There wasn't a chance for him to get back. I tell you he was frozen off!"

"All right, Old Timer," said Tim in that cutting voice, at the same time reaching over and twisting Robbie's mustache, "we'll call it one man froze in the game. Now, let's go."

For a moment Robbie was so dumfounded that he silently went on playing. But the further he went the madder he got. Back at the bench the players started kidding him. But for us stopping him I think he would have killed Hurst if he had had a chance in the next two or three innings. It was weeks before he got over the indignation of having had his mustache twisted—and by an umpire at that. To this day if anyone says anything about a runner being frozen off first it gets a laugh out of Robbie.

We had more fun with umpires in those days than we do now.

In Washington the games were always started at half past four in the afternoon so as to get the crowd from the various state departments. As a result of this we often ran into darkness and there were constant rows about the games being called.

Clarkson, I think it was, was pitching one day and Robbie catching. Jack Kerns was umpiring. Kerns would never call a game on account of darkness if he could help it. We used to quarrel with him incessantly. On this day it really was getting too dark to play, but Kerns was obstinate.

The pitchers in those days had a habit of sucking lemons between innings to keep their mouths from getting dry. Several of these discarded lemons were on the bench. Clarkson picked up one and started to the box to pitch another inning after Kerns had again refused to call the game. He left the ball on the bench.

Taking a big wind up Clarkson whipped the lemon over the plate and Robbie caught it.

"Strike one!" Kerns called.

"Look what you called," Robbie said, showing him the lemon. "The ball's on the bench."

"Game called on account of darkness," Kerns immediately announced. That was enough proof for him.

Robbie had a great way in those days of arguing with an umpire quietly instead of showing him up before the crowd. It worked, too.

At the risk of being tiresome and garrulous I must tell one more.

CHAPTER XIV

The invisible ball—Folly of baiting the umpire—Joe Kelley and the hundred dollar watch.

IN those old days at Washington when the games almost invariably ran into darkness on account of starting at four o'clock we had many amusing climaxes.

Recently I have heard an anecdote of a game in one of these so-called twilight leagues. As a matter of fact it was told of a Washington game several years ago.

A game had gone into early twilight and it was getting so dark that it was really almost impossible to see the ball. The shadow of the grandstand was on the diamond and there was danger of some player getting hurt. The umpire, though, was obstinate in refusing to call the game. I think there must have been a league understanding that all games at Washington must be finished even if it actually got dark enough for the street lamps to be lighted.

On this day the pitcher in desperation called the catcher into conference.

"Say," he said, "you take the ball and hold it in your glove. I will simply wind up and go through the motions. It's a cinch that umps can't see whether there is a ball or not. After I make the motion you give the mitt a slap and show the ball. There's a chance he'll call a strike on this fellow and we'll win."

It was so arranged. There were two strikes on the

batter at the time. He squared himself for a swing. The pitcher wound up and went through the motion of throwing to the plate. The catcher popped the mitt.

"Three strikes, you're out," called the umpire, though no ball had been pitched at all.

"Strike?" screamed the batter, "where do you get that stuff? You're blind as a bat. Anybody could see that ball was two feet outside!"

Our Baltimore club had a reputation as umpire fighters. I guess we did make life pretty miserable for some of them. This was due largely to the never-die spirit that we had built. It was our second nature to fight for the smallest point and, as a consequence, the umpire often had to take the brunt of our wrath.

Fans often have said to me: "Why do ball players argue so long with an umpire over a decision? They know very well that he is not going to change it."

Of course, we know that he is not going to change it but the ball player's motive in arguing so insistently, aside from his natural disgruntled feelings, is to impress upon the umpire that the players are not going to let anything slip by them. If he has made a mistake or if the decision is very close the chances are he will be more careful on the next one if he knows that he will be in for a ride.

I am not a believer in disputing with umpires until some player gets put out of the game. It may be news to some fans to know that at times I have announced to my players that I would fine anyone \$25 who got put out of a game for disputing with the

umpire. There is nothing to be gained by losing a good player. To get put out is merely to weaken the club. Many games have been lost by players kicking themselves out. There is a certain point at which they must stop. With a manager—a non-playing manager—it is different. If he gets put out the team can go right ahead with all its strength.

Still, it's pretty difficult to change human nature by simple words of advice and statements of fact. If a ball player is high-strung—and all good players generally are—he can not entirely control himself when he thinks the umpire has given him the worst of it. The keen disappointment over failure to go through with a play, due to the decision, naturally arouses his temper. As between the two I would rather have a ball player who fought for every point, even if wrong, than one who meekly submitted to everything without a word.

Back in the nineties we had a famous umpire known as "Watch" Burnham. He acquired this nickname through a run-in with Joe Kelley in a game at Baltimore. Joe will not forget that incident to his dying day.

The fans of Baltimore had presented Joe with a very valuable watch. Arriving at the club house one day he turned the watch over to the attendant to keep for him. After the players had gone out on the field Umpire Burnham came in to dress. The club house man had to leave and he asked Mr. Burnham if he would keep Kelley's watch until after the game, which he did.

In the third or fourth inning of the game Kelley was called out at second on a close play. It broke up our rally. Immediately there was a rush of players

to argue with the umpire. We wrangled and wrangled for several minutes. Eventually Burnham got us all off but Kelley. Joe was beside himself in his disappointment. He fumed and fretted, following Burnham all over the diamond.

"Get out of here," Burnham finally ordered, "or I'll put you out of the game."

"Put who out?" snarled Kelley, following him up.

"You—I'll put you out of the park."

But Joe couldn't be quieted. He continued to nag after Burnham. Finally the umpire pulled his watch.

"You've got just one minute to get back and play ball," he told Kelley, "or I'll forfeit the game."

"I have, have I?" snapped Joe. With that he reached over and slapped the watch out of Burnham's hand and kicked it across the infield.

"Now you *will* get out!" ordered Burnham. "That will cost you \$25 and that watch will cost you a hundred."

"What d'you mean a hundred?" said Kelley. "That Waterbury ain't worth \$3."

"Maybe not," said Burnham, "but it's yours."

Ruefully it dawned on Kelley that he had kicked his prize watch, his present from the fans, in the dust. He picked it up and went right out of the park, and to a jeweler.

Ever after that incident Burnham was known as "Watch" Burnham.

This baiting of umpires is not nearly so popular nowadays as it was thirty years ago. One reason for that is that it is not so popular with the public.

The fans get tired of continual wrangling. Naturally they prefer to see a ball game, that being what they came for. Players often do not realize this. They think only of the game they are trying to win.

Umpire baiting and so-called rowdyism go together. Both are gradually disappearing from the game. The players themselves have helped to bring this about. There is no question that the average of intelligence is higher now than it was thirty years ago. Mental training and mental discipline do more than anything else to make a man hold his temper. With that also comes dignity. Any intelligent and well-trained man realizes that he is merely hurting himself to keep up rowdyism. It never gets him anywhere. It will be noted that much of the old baiting and rowdyism disappeared with the advent of the college men in numbers. At school they are trained to respect the authority of umpires, referees, and field judges. In baseball the training sticks with them. It is rarely that you see a college player in a long, senseless dispute with an umpire.

Often, though, the umpires themselves are rowdies at heart.

CHAPTER XV

Baseball fans now better sportsmen—"Steve" Brodie and the heckler—Old "Well! Well!"—The darkey rooter who asked to be lynched.

THE rowdyism that prevailed in baseball in the earlier days was not entirely due to the players. Fans were just about as rough as the men on the field. In fact, it was their encouragement of rough tactics that egged the players on. An attack on the umpire often was a genuine treat for them.

Usually it was the spectators who gave the cue for a razzing of our opponents. To win at any cost was just as much a slogan of the fans as of the players. They would resort to all kinds of tricks to handicap the opposition. A favorite practice, for instance, was for some enthusiast to sit in the stand with a small mirror and throw a reflection of sunlight into the batter's eye. That was considered good sport and perfectly proper.

In this day and time a man who did that would be frowned upon as a poor sportsman.

All over the country the sportsmanship of the spectator is improving. There is still room for improvement, though. Thirty years ago the applauding of an opposing team was looked upon as little less than treason. It is very common now for the stands

to give the opposing team, even an individual player, an ovation.

In the larger cities, like New York, Boston and Chicago, applause is given just as freely to the enemy as to the home club. The old feeling of intense partisanship still exists in a few of the cities but it is rapidly disappearing. That, I think, is largely responsible for the increase in attendance. People appreciate the wonderful playing of certain stars and go out to see them regardless of what team they play on. Formerly the artistic work of these stars was seen only through a cloud of bitter partisanship. There was a feeling that no man on the other team could do anything particularly meritorious. At any rate, such feats were never welcomed or appreciated.

The spectators are really an important part of the game, even though the players do not trust their loyalty any too much. Without the noisy support of the fans it is very difficult to start a rally sometimes. A sudden burst of enthusiasm and encouragement puts the players on their toes. It is just like the establishment of morale and esprit in the army.

Our coaches to this day take advantage of that by urging the spectators on with a swing of the arm. It is rare that a home crowd fails to respond, especially for certain players with magnetic personality.

In their unbridled efforts at roasting the opponents, though, the fans often turned this weapon against certain players of the home club, if they were antagonistic, or if they were falling down on their jobs.

The player has little protection from the insults of

fans. He should be protected by the umpires and the police, but in lots of cases the police are sympathetic with the insulting spectator and will do nothing. Always I have maintained that ball players should be protected from insult the same as actors, but it is pretty difficult to work this out in a practical way.

In the old days every town had two or three fans noted for their trumpet-like voices who never missed a game. These fellows gained wide reputation for their wonderful voices and for their sayings. They were a sort of institution. A fan was just as proud of such distinction as a ball player is of his batting average.

Walter "Steve" Brodie, our center fielder, was often the target for some of the shots from these foghorn fans. "Steve" had little imagination and his sense of humor was not as keen as it should have been.

"Steve" was going badly in Baltimore for two or three weeks. A certain fan who always sat in the right-field bleachers made a point of aiming sharp-edged darts at "Steve" every afternoon. Finally it got on his nerves. At the end of the fourth inning in a game with the Boston club—Beaneaters, they were called then—we noticed "Steve" trudging along the edge of the right-field stand with a ladder. Having placed it against the wall leading up to the bleachers, "Steve" walked over to Willie Keeler.

"Say, Willie," he whispered, "you cover right and center this inning and I'll go up and get that guy. I've got him spotted."

It was with difficulty that we persuaded "Steve" that he could not leave center field uncovered—that

an inning played with eight men would make the game illegal.

"Willie can play 'em both," he insisted. "He's good as two. I've got to get that guy."

A few days later "Steve" got to hitting again and the fan changed his tactics.

All the older fans of New York, it is likely, remember old "Well! Well!" This man had a voice that could be heard a mile. Always at a critical moment, when the crowd was silent and tense, the booming voice would be heard: "Well! Well!"

It is very difficult to give an idea of how that sounded if you did not hear it. It always broke the tension—brought a big laugh or applause.

Old "Well! Well!" was a historic institution in New York.

Down in Washington there was an old darkey of enormous stature—a regular giant—who used to sit in the far-away bleachers and make remarks about the game that kept the stands in an uproar of mirth and often threw the players off their stride. This darkey was witty as well as loud.

One day there was a pitcher in the box from Washington who had come from the far South. I forget his name, but I know his first name was Jimmy.

During that week the newspapers were full of news and gossip about several lynchings down South. This old darkey rooter knew, of course, that the pitcher came from the section where these so-called outrages had occurred.

We had three men on bases with two out. The next

batter swung at two curves and missed them. It was a tense moment for Washington. If the pitcher could get one more strike on the batter the side would be out and the game saved. There was a dead silence as the batter and pitcher stood there facing each other. You could have heard a pin drop.

Suddenly a loud, booming voice broke the silence.

"My Gawd, Mr. Jimmy," called out the darkey rooter from the far-away bleachers, "all I asks is to git this one over and—and—you can lynch me to-night!"

The whole crowd broke into a roar of laughter. Both the pitcher and batter were so convulsed that the batter had to step out of the box and wait. It was fully a minute before Mister Jimmy could pitch the ball. And—he got the strike over.

In the deafening applause that followed we could hear the darkey's voice:

"Yas, sir, I means it. Mister Jimmy, you kin jes' name the spot."

CHAPTER XVI

The real mark of superiority in a ball team—Secret of Ty Cobb's success—The "steal and slam" play—McGraw's specialty—Effect of the lively ball.

OUR Baltimore team of 1895 was even better than the one of 1894, the year of our first championship. It was practically the same team; that is, the individual players were the same, but the machine was being perfected by more accurate adjustment of the various cogs. Each player knew the function of the other and did his part to bring about perfect coördination.

Other clubs had good batters, good fielders, good catchers and good pitchers. It was very clear to us that an advantage would lie in the way we got the most out of our strength. We sat up at nights and talked these matters over. Every suggestion was given consideration, sometimes in the form of hot argument and sometimes in calm deliberation. We all had the same aim—to win—and we wanted it to be a victory of the team, not of the individual.

Obviously the secret of advantage was in base running—getting the larger number of runs out of a given number of hits. Right there is the mark of superiority of a ball club. That, I suppose, is true in any walk of life.

The Orioles had speed and could hit. By constant experiment we developed a system of base running that soon became famous. At the same time we had to develop a system of defense against base running by

our opponents. I think I can truly say that we were pioneers in the present art of getting the most runs out of the smallest number of hits.

The hit and run play was our best form of attack, though we often varied it. If the first man up got on base and the next batter was a good place hitter, we were almost certain to signal, or give the sign, as ball players call it, for the hit and run. The runner would start from first base with the pitch and if the batter hit behind the runner he would go to third. If a play was made to get him at third the batter would go on to second. We always took chances. There is always an advantage in taking close chances. It puts the other fellow up against the worry about what to do. In other words, we would test his nerve instead of letting him test ours. That, incidentally, is one of the secrets of Ty Cobb's success. He always tests the other man's nerve.

Of course, opponents got to know this system. Then it was that we had to vary it. Often we used a play that was called "steal and slam." It was simply a variation of the hit and run. The man on first would take a lead to actually steal the base. In that case, if the ball was a good one, the batter would slam at it. If the pitcher, expecting a hit and run, pitched out, the batter would simply let it go and take a chance on the runner stealing the base. In a majority of cases a fast runner would be safe. The batter then would be in a better position than ever. With a runner on second he could take his time and wait for a good one. He could even sacrifice so as to advance the runner to third and have a man on third with only one out.

I think we were among the first to dope out a scheme for preventing the traditional double steal when there are runners on first and third. In the early days, before my time even, it was almost certain that if the man on first started for second and a throw was made to get him the man on third would score. To this day that is a hard play to stop, but we manage to handle it rather successfully now.

Our first plan was to let the second baseman cover the bag. The shortstop would run in, crossing in front of second, and take the throw and whip the ball to the plate in time to get the runner from third. That was known as "the short throw." It also had its disadvantage. Soon the runner on third got to expect the play. As a result he would run back to third and both would be safe, it being too late to get the man going to second.

The only way to beat that play successfully is to have a nervy second baseman or shortstop with a good arm. Simply let the throw from the catcher go through. If the second baseman is quick and accurate he can take the throw and then whip the ball back to the plate in time to catch the runner from third. If the man on third does not start then he can tag out the runner from first. To attempt this play, though, would be stupid unless the catcher and second baseman were both accurate throwers and able to get the ball away quickly. Amateurs could hardly do that.

In the last World's Series both the Giants and Yanks made the play by taking a chance on the long throw. In a college game, where the players are not so expert, the short throw seems to work better.

Another play, used merely as a surprise, is for the pitcher to intercept the throw and whip it right back to the catcher.

Still another system that we worked successfully, and it took Wilbert Robinson to do it, was for the catcher to make a bluff as if to throw to second. Instead he turns and whips the ball to third, catching the runner off the bag. That play cannot be worked too often. Otherwise the other side will get wise and sign the man on third to stick to his bag. If he did so both runners would be safe. It is up to the nimble mind of the catcher to decide which play to make and act simultaneously with his thought.

It was not so much the originality of these various plays that counted with the Orioles. It was the perfection with which they were carried out. We studied those things out at night and practiced them repeatedly in the mornings.

Though it never seemed to strike ball players that way, it is really easier to make a steal of third than of second. That was one of my long suits. It was rare that I was ever thrown out stealing third. In fact, no ball player ought to be thrown out. His eye should tell him when to start. His judgment of time and distance must be naturally accurate. In other words, he should never start for third until he has sufficient lead. He is able to get that lead by being behind the pitcher. If he has the lead then there is no excuse for his being thrown out. If he does miss, it is because his judgment is bad.

Fred Merkle was not what one could call a very fast

man on a sprint but he was an adept at stealing third base. He never started unless he had the right lead. Once started he rarely missed. And to steal third is of enormous advantage.

There is no doubt that the art of base running has fallen into decline due to the lively ball. That is one of the questions asked by those who have sent in filled-out questionnaires. The answer is obvious.

Base running is really a matter of taking chances so as to profit by a succeeding hit. In the old days the single was to be expected. We didn't look for doubles, triples and home runs as we do now.

Singles are also more frequent now because with a lively ball any kind of grounder is likely to shoot past an infielder for a clean hit. Fans, I believe, don't realize how much harder the infielder's job has become since the advent of the lively ball.

Now, instead of taking chances on base running stunts, I find that often there is more percentage in letting the runner hold his base and wait for the next man to hit one through. That accounts for the falling off in base stealing. The runner sees nothing to be gained by taking desperate chances when a long hit is likely to come any time and drive him around.

I am sorry to see the fine art of base running go into the discard, but it would be foolish to take chances that do not gain anything. In fact, the chances of the batter hitting one through are greater than those of the runner stealing the base.

There are other serious drawbacks to the lively ball.

CHAPTER XVII

**"Bench" vs. "coach line" managers—How signals are given
—Personal contact in spring training.**

IN the palmy days of the Orioles Ned Hanlon was one of the few managers who kept to the bench, never going on the field. Other managers like Johnny Ward were active players. Though I did not realize it then I am now convinced that the bench manager has a decided advantage.

Instead of centering his thoughts on a particular play or an individual player, Hanlon was able to grasp the situation as a whole. That helped him immeasurably in building up his famous machine.

One of my correspondents, having noticed that I have stuck to the dugout for the past two seasons, writes to inquire if I ever intend to go on the field again, and would like to know why I changed my system.

What I have just said about Hanlon really answers that question. As long as I remain a manager I intend to stick to the dugout during all the championship games. I have found that my opportunities for general observation are much better. I see things on the field that would escape me if I was on the coaching lines. This is particularly true in the shifting of the outfield which often becomes necessary in the varying stages of play on the diamond.

While coaching at third base I often found myself so concentrated on watching and directing the runner that I overlooked chances for shifting the attack at the bat. I also was too far away to discuss the situation with the men on the bench.

If one is acting as coach on the base lines he must concentrate on the efforts of the runner. Otherwise he would be no good as a coach. Therefore I find it much more advantageous to leave the coaching to others and direct the whole team from the bench.

Personally, I would prefer to be out on the field in uniform because I always had a liking for being in the midst of the fight. To get the best results, though, I find that it is better to get in the dugout and stay there.

It is much easier to give signals—or signs, as we call them—from the bench. Moreover, they are not so obvious to opposing players and to the spectators.

This system of signals, by the way, is not nearly so elaborate as the public seems to think. Three or four good signs are sufficient. A complicated system is worse than none at all. I have seen some so complicated that the players spent more time in trying to figure them out than in making the play.

Naturally, I have no intention of making my signals public. It has taken me too long to build them up. I will say, however, that my signs are very few and very simple. It wouldn't make a bit of difference to me if the opponents should discover them. I could change them between innings. After all, there is little advantage in stealing signals. The chances of getting crossed are greater than the advantage.

Signs are worked in various ways. On the old Baltimore team, for instance, our signal for the hit and run was for the batter, upon reaching the plate, to rub the palm of his hand over the end of the bat, as if wiping off the dust. That meant for the runner to start on the next ball pitched.

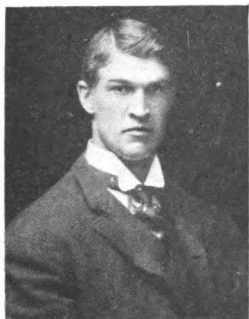
An old signal for stealing a base was to pull the visor of the cap down over the eyes.

The signs from catcher to pitcher are very simple. For a curve ball the catcher can show two outstretched fingers in the palm of his mitt. For a fast ball he will show one. For a pitch-out he can slap the mitt with his whole hand. Practically all pitching signals are variations of that plan. On my club I give the sign to the catcher and he relays it to the pitcher.

It is likely that fans have often seen the pitcher shake his head to the catcher. That means that he does not agree with him as to what should be pitched. You do not see that on my clubs nowadays. I give the signals myself and the players know that what I say goes. Whether my judgment is good or bad, it is final. I take the responsibility for the mistake.

Some of the great pitchers give the signals themselves. Matty often gave his own signals, also McGinnity, Wild Bill Donovan and many others. After a catcher has worked for a pitcher who is a real artist for any length of time he knows pretty well what is in the pitcher's mind. In that case he gives the signals until the pitcher shakes his head.

There have been a few players who were very expert in stealing signals. The man in the best position to



FRANK BOWERMAN



ROGER BRESNAHAN



LARRY DOYLE



CHRISTY MATHEWSON

do this is the runner who reaches second. He has a chance to look directly in the catcher's mitt. As soon as he catches the system he in turn signals the batter. The old Athletics were supposed to be very clever at this. Eddie Collins could solve a system very quickly, and had to be watched all the time. Incidentally, it is not considered bad sportsmanship to steal signals when it is merely a question of crossing wits. In fact it is looked upon as quite an achievement.

The stealing of signals by mechanical means is looked upon as low and mean. Many stories have gone the rounds of men sitting in the center-field bleachers and spotting the signals by aid of field glasses. At one time there was quite a sensation about a semaphore being used in one of the parks to tip off the signs to batters. I never knew if that were true. As a matter of fact, I don't believe it to be any great advantage.

On one occasion when Al Bridwell had left us and was with another team he came to the Polo Grounds anxious to help his batting average. Nothing depended on the result of the games. The race was over.

Roger Bresnahan, who was catching, laughingly told Bridwell what was coming each time. Despite the supposed advantage of this knowledge, Bridwell couldn't get a hit out of five times at bat.

Some managers seem to dote on mysterious and complicated signals. They often carry it too far. Instead of giving these signs by moving the cap, rubbing the bat, or some such move, one of the Boston managers used to give them by certain expressions.

The most laughable one I ever knew was for the

coach to yell out "Red Leary, the Bank Robber!" That was the cue for the runner to steal.

Getting back to bench management—I do not mean to say that I will never go on the field again during the training period. There it is absolutely necessary that the manager put on a uniform and work out with the players. To observe them carefully and study their dispositions he must be right out among them.

In the spring, though I am getting a little heavier and older, I always put on a uniform and go through every practice with the players. They will testify to the fact that few of them ever beat me to the grounds. I try to get there first and stay until the last. It is rather difficult to make a young player try anything that he does not think the manager is willing to try.

The example to these ambitious youths means a lot. It peps them up to find that a manager twice their age is always on the ground ahead of them and going through the same work that they are expected to do.

It's tough on the manager, too—make no mistake about that—but he's got to go through.

Often I have been called a hard driver of men. I may be, but I never drive a young fellow any harder than I am willing to be driven myself.

The few weeks of spring training are the most important of all. I will touch on that in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII

Difference between major and minor leaguers—Drilling the recruit—Mastering the slide—A pitcher's peculiar fault.

PERSONS familiar with baseball—even our most faithful fans—would be astonished to know the difference between a minor league and a major league player. Just that a young man does well in a minor league and has a great record is no certain indication that he is of major league caliber. The line of demarcation is very plain to one who has made the game his profession.

"The difference between a major leaguer and a minor leaguer," I heard someone say one day, "is one step in going to first base."

That is a pretty good definition, though, of course, it is not complete.

Often you see a minor leaguer who looks like a world beater and you have no doubt that he would be a star in the big league. That is true—sometimes. As a rule, though, you are thrown off your judgment by lack of comparison. With that particular minor league team the player really is wonderful. Put him in the line-up with a major league club and you will see the difference immediately. What you thought great speed then looks slow.

To your surprise you will often find that he is always being thrown out at first by just one step. He lacks

just that little amount in speed. It may be some other fault, like getting away from the plate; like facing pitching in a new form. That one little thing is missing. That is what my friend meant by "one step" in getting to first.

The first thing I notice in youngsters when they report is their speed. If they have it I pay more attention. If they haven't—unless they should happen to be phenomenal hitters—they might as well go right on back.

Very few recruits from the minor league know anything about the art of base running. As a rule they have been allowed to go along in a hodge-podge way and do the best they can. If they play well enough to win games that is considered sufficient. Very little attention is paid to perfecting their style—making them finished ball players.

Sliding is extremely important in baseball and I spend as much time on that, if not more, than any other branch of the training. Merely sliding into the bag is not sufficient. They must know the hook slide, or "fall away," and they must be able to do it either to the left or to the right.

The idea of this slide is for the player to go into the bag feet first and throw his body either to the left or to the right as he falls so as to avoid being touched with the ball. The runner hooks one foot to the bag, which serves as pivot for his body to swing around.

If the runner does that slide perfectly the biggest spot the baseman has to touch is the calf of his leg. He does not like to touch the spikes—cold steel.

Sliding practice is a tough grind. Players do not like to do it because there is no excitement about it. Those who are determined, though, stick until they have mastered the trick.

We use a sandpit about five feet wide and ten feet long. In regular turn they go into this time and time again until all are tired out.

One of the most determined players I ever saw was "Baby Doll" Jacobson, now with the St. Louis club. He is a giant in stature and always was a good hitter. For a big man he is rather fast on the bases. He was a very poor slider, though, at first.

It was tough on a big fellow like him to hit that sand with his whole weight, but he stuck at it for hours at a time. Not once did I ever hear him whimper. In time he got where he could do the hook slide as well as any of them. You know, there is no longer a jolt to sliding when the trick is mastered. Men like George Burns and Jack Murray could slide all day and not be hurt. Murray, if you remember, was so adept in sliding that if no effort was made to touch him he would come right up on his feet, using the bag as a brace. Ty Cobb is another beautiful slider. As a matter of fact baseball has improved so much in the finer details that a major leaguer has to be a good slider to hold his own in the hot competition.

Half the battle in training players in spring practice is to be able yourself to do the thing that you want them to grasp. Nothing so impresses your pupils, old or young, with the correctness of your ideas and system as personal demonstration. When a man is past forty-

five this trick of sliding into a sandpit is not easy. I often illustrate by doing it myself, just the same. In my days on the Orioles I was an excellent slider. That was one of my strongest points. Knowing the trick so well I can get away with it even with my increasing weight. Many nights, though, I go to bed a very sore-muscled man.

It is much easier and more enjoyable to direct batting practice. No ball player ever loses his love for smacking a baseball on the nose. The feel of it is just as satisfying to me now as it was thirty years ago. I have never lost my "eye" and can judge a ball just about as accurately to-day as I ever could. Batting is not such a jolt to the system and I find little difficulty in holding my own with the young fellows in that department of the game. I usually take part in every practice game where we choose up and play the regulars against the rookies. I play with the rookies, of course, and we give the regulars some pretty tough battles.

In these practice games I have an excellent chance to observe the spirit of the many players. If they've got pep it comes out. If they haven't, the lack is so apparent that everybody notices it.

My pitchers are always my first study, the catchers and fielders being taken up later. There are so many boxmen and some so green that to size them up intelligently and fairly is a long and difficult task. A manager can not afford to make a mistake. Unless he is extremely watchful he is likely to overlook some young fellow with great possibilities.

There are times, too, when some of my old pitchers have not fully grasped our system until well in the

championship season. It is not that this system is complicated. It is usually due to these pitchers having so much to unlearn. They have been permitted to get set in bad habits and some of them never entirely get out of them. The most trouble, naturally, is with the rookie boxmen. The majority of them, according to my experience, have not been coached even in the first rudiments of the science. They have been allowed to run wild—go as they please—by their former bosses, who permitted them to work out their own salvation. If they happen to get by with a few victories apparently that has been considered good enough. Faults are passed over.

To give you an idea—Louis Drucke came to us a much touted rookie. He certainly seemed to have everything. In the regular season we suddenly discovered that the opposing teams could run bases on him as they pleased. A runner on first would know exactly, it seemed, when Drucke was going to throw to first or pitch to the plate. They called the turn invariably. By close observation we soon found the fault. He had a peculiar habit of lifting his right heel from the ground just before he pitched to the plate. He did not do this when he was going to throw to first. The other players had discovered it and were running wild on him. As soon as he corrected the fault his work improved one hundred per cent. That little mannerism probably never would have been discovered in the minor leagues. Our opponents in the major leagues, though, spotted it in a week.

Pitching faults are numerous. I will take up one more and then get back to our Oriole days.

CHAPTER XIX

Temperaments of rookie twirlers—The trouble with Rube Marquard—When is a curve not a curve?—Exit the “spitball.”

THE most difficult problem a manager confronts in building up a pitching staff is the rookie twirlers, with great natural ability and dozens of faults, who have made a reputation in the minor leagues. They must have done something to get promoted. As a result of this many of them imagine that they know it all. And you mustn't lose sight of the fact that youth is youth. These players are mere boys with very little development of their reasoning powers—simply harum-scarum kids.

You can readily understand how easy it is to turn the head of a boy of nineteen by newspaper publicity and public admiration. To escape that a young man must be unusually level-headed. And if he is too serious and reflective he is lacking in pep and spirit.

This problem, I imagine, confronts executives in many lines of business as well as in sport.

It is not at all uncommon for these self-satisfied young men to resent openly any coaching intended to remedy their faults. They don't think they have any.

This type of young pitcher is quickly spotted by his new manager and the coaches. Then our problem begins. We don't want to kill his self-confident spirit, and at the same time he must be reformed to be of

any value to himself or to the club. Wilbert Robinson had a great knack of handling these young men. Jennings also seems to understand them. They must be made to like their instructors and to have confidence in them. If we get that far there is a chance.

Many of them, though, prove utterly impossible. The only thing is to cast a boy like that aside, much to his surprise and indignation. On his return to his home or old club he makes it clear to his friends and to the newspaper men that he was not given a fair trial. And he goes right along with his faults, remaining in the minor leagues until the end of his playing days. He never understands.

Most of the rookies are willing and anxious to be taught. They can be developed, and it is from pitchers of this type that we get our great stars.

A famous pitcher with whom we had great difficulty at first was Rube Marquard. Apparently he had everything. In the American Association he was almost unbeatable. It was on that record that we paid \$11,000 for him. I still think that the immense amount of publicity following that deal in which Rube got the sobriquet of the "Eleven thousand dollar beauty" interfered a lot with his progress. I don't mean to say that Marquard was swell-headed. He was anything but that. It was nervousness over living up to a great reputation that seemed to upset him.

Wilbert Robinson was our coach then and I turned Rube over to him. Marquard got very fond of Robbie and by degrees the old coach was able to work him out of his faults.

His main fault was of putting the ball over the plate with nothing on it, as we say. Rube had trouble with his control. After whipping a few curves—and he had a beauty—and some fast ones around the batter, he would find himself in the hole. So fearful was he of not being able to get the ball over when it came down to two-and-three that he would simply toss it over as straight as a string. In other words, he had so much stuff that he was afraid to use it.

Obviously the only thing to do was to perfect his control so that he would not get in that hole. He worked very hard and under constant coaching finally settled down. Instead of being afraid to turn one loose he got to where he could even play the corners with either his curve or his fast one. When right Marquard's fast ball had a peculiar jump to it that was a complete baffler to opponents. It was in the use of this ball at the right moment that he won his nineteen straight games.

The point I try to make is that if Marquard had been of the swell-head type, who refuse to recognize faults, he would never have been a successful big league pitcher. I have seen many pitchers with as much natural stuff as Marquard had who never got past the training period.

Very few of our present-day fans remember Amos Rusie. He was a wonderful pitcher and his greatness lay exactly in the spot where Marquard's early fault developed.

Rusie had tremendous speed and a wonderful curve. He could throw a curve ball almost as fast as his

regular fast one. Not only that, but he had the nerve and confidence to whip his curve over the plate when in a hole. As a rule, pitchers do not dare try a curve when the count is two strikes and three balls. They've got to get the ball over, and to be sure they usually use their fast one. Rusie had no such misgivings. If in such a hole he would deliberately pitch his curve ball with every ounce of steam he could put on it. Usually he stood batters on their ears by that kind of pitching.

Rusie, by the way, is now assistant watchman at the Polo Grounds. Dan Brouthers is the other watchman. Often we get together and talk over old times. Always I have had a deep sentiment for veteran ball players, and I try to get them a good place any time there is a chance.

For the enlightenment of those who, perhaps, are not so familiar with baseball terms I had better explain that in the lingo of ordinary pitching we recognize only two terms—a fast ball and a curve.

All balls that are twisted out of their natural course are called curves. The outcurve, the drop, down shoot, and so on, are simply a curve ball to the professional player. To us there is no such thing as an incurve. That is what we call a fast ball. Of course, I am assuming that the pitcher is right-handed. A so-called incurve is nothing more than a ball thrown in a natural way with great force. A ball thus thrown will naturally curve inward, to a certain extent. If it takes a sharp jump, due to the speed, we call that the "break on his fast one." In other words, the inshoot is the natural

course of a ball. A curve is unnatural, due to a reverse twist being put on it.

So, when you hear ball players speak of a curve or a fast one you will understand that "curve" means anything that takes an unnatural bend. One thrown naturally and with great speed is a fast one.

Of course there is the slow ball, which comes under a distinct classification, as does the spitball. The latter is not allowed except by pitchers who were already using it at the time the rule was passed to abolish it. Every team has to register its spitball pitchers and notify the league heads in advance of the season. Unless a man is so registered as a "spitter" he is not permitted to pitch that ball. In time all of them will disappear. Youngsters are not allowed to use that freak of the pitching art and the spitball itself will soon become obsolete.

Personally, I never like the spitball because I think it affects the arm of the man who uses it. Just the same, I have had some spitball pitchers. Bugs Raymond was one of the best in the world. Mathewson could pitch the spitter, but rarely used it in a game. He never considered it part of his equipment.

Thirty years ago we had some masterful pitchers. In the next chapter I want to discuss some of them in connection with the Temple Cup Series.

CHAPTER XX

Origin of the World's Series idea—The spree that cost the Orioles the championship—Trouble over series receipts—First intimation of "fixed" games.

THE first germ of the World's Series idea—the suggestion that led to the winding up of the baseball season with a classic climax—came from William Temple, a prominent citizen of Pittsburgh and a baseball enthusiast of the highest and most helpful type. It came at the end of the 1894 season when the Orioles made their first sensational win of the National League championship.

For several years at the end of each championship fight there had been wide discussions as to whether the best club had won the flag. Obviously it had. Still, there were hundreds who held the belief that if the second team had got a good start, for instance, it would have won.

Mr. Temple suggested that the first and second teams play a series of games to determine which was the superior club at the moment. As a trophy to the winner he gave a beautiful and expensive cup, known as the Temple Cup. As a consequence the post-season classic took the name of the Temple Cup Series.

This was regarded as a bit of genuine sportsmanship and four series were played—1894-5-6-7. While these games were fully as interesting at the time as the

World's Series affairs are now, it dawned upon baseball people then that such a test was unfair to the winner of the championship. It took the edge off a victory that had been the result of a whole season's hard work. To permit a short series to rob a club of such glory did not seem right. There was a lapse of several years before another series was played. After Brooklyn and Pittsburgh fought it out in 1900, Brooklyn winning, the Temple Cup Series idea was abandoned. The cup was given to Joe McGinnity by the players. I have heard that he still has it.

The New York Giants took the first cup from us in 1894 in four straight games. This rather took the edge off the enthusiasm of Baltimore fans and somewhat dulled the luster of our capture of the season's pennant.

At that, we managed to win the Temple Cup the next three times, though we did not win the pennant in 1897. Our post-season victory took the limelight away from the championship Boston team just as the Giants had hurt us in 1894.

I shall never forget that first Temple Cup series. To be sure that the Giants finished second so as to get a chance at the cup, Jouett Meekin and Amos Rusie pitched every other game for New York for the last month of the season. Can you imagine pitchers going through a strain like that in this day and time?

Not only that, but they stepped right in and pitched all the games against us in the series, winning the famous cup in four straight games, each winning two.

New York rooters came down on us in a great flurry. Such old fans as De Wolf Hopper, Digby Bell, Nick

Engel and Harry Stevens went crazy with delight over the success of Johnny Ward and his Giants. After that series Ward retired from baseball, by the way, leaving a wonderful record behind him, due to his work with the Providence and New York clubs for sixteen years.

John Ward was an outstanding character in the game and his personality was admired by fans and baseball people throughout the country. He became a lawyer, and has been my personal attorney for years. Though we had many scraps on the ball field he was an opponent that one could warm up to. He had both fighting spirit and rare playing ability.

While Jouett Meekin and Amos Rusie pitched wonderful ball in that first series they could not have won but for the great support given them by the Giant players, especially Ward, Mike Tiernan and Eddie Burke.

I do not offer this as an alibi but, to tell the truth, Hughey Jennings and myself were about the only Oriole players who were in proper condition to put up the kind of game we had shown all season. We were very young and knew little of the joys of all-night affairs. At that time, and for a long time after, neither of us had ever taken a drink. I had never smoked. In fact, I have never smoked to this day.

But the Baltimore fans and others were determined to show how much they appreciated what we had done to bring a championship to the old town. With all the banquets and other affairs arranged to celebrate our winning of the flag—and several days elapsing before beginning the big series—it is not to be wondered at that

most of the boys were knocked out of their stride. Naturally, the players thought they were entitled to break training for a short spell. So did their Baltimore friends, evidently.

Just as in the case now the receipts for the Temple Cup Series were divided among the players. Right away considerable feeling was aroused among the players over the discovery that several members of the contesting clubs had agreed to pool their shares and divide fifty-fifty, no matter which side won. In other words, some of the players had decided not to take a chance.

Quite a few of the victorious team, after having made such a despicable agreement, refused to abide by it. There were many quarrels over this and the friction lasted for years. In fact, this feeling lasted as long as the welchers continued in baseball.

I had no particular sympathy with either side to the argument—it was a degrading arrangement at all times—but I took particular pains to let the welching players know what I thought of them by verbal shot during and after every game that I played with them. So did the rest of the Orioles. Still the Giants refused to loosen up and settle. After so much talk about it I don't believe our players would have accepted the money anyway.

Jennings and I returned to St. Bonaventure College when the Temple Cup Series was over and remained there all winter. Night after night we thrashed over our defeat at the hands of the Giants, between study hours. It soon became an obsession with us to win the pennant again so that we could have one more crack

at them. We were determined that we would not lose another series through lack of condition of any of the players, even if both of us had to constitute ourselves policemen.

The next spring, 1895, the question that is always uppermost in a ball player's mind after winning a pennant arose. We wanted more money. We had many arguments with Manager Hanlon over the salary question, but finally all came to terms and we reported to the training camp, which had been changed from New Orleans to Macon, Ga. Due to our school work we were ten days late, but both were in splendid condition, almost fit and ready for the championship season to begin right then.

The whole team went at the training conscientiously. There were no laggards. Never was there such a bunch out for morning practice. That post-season defeat at the hands of the Giants had taught everybody a lesson.

Our success of the previous year in winning the pennant by united and aggressive methods had been a lasting inspiration. Confidence oozed out of us. We knew that we had to be in the best possible condition, though, and that became our main aim.

As a result of this strenuous work and determination we had no trouble in winning the 1895 pennant.

The Boston club was the contender and we played them for the cup. It was just before that series that I heard for the first time in my life rumors of ball games having been fixed. Though I did not believe it, the mere idea sort of sickened me.

CHAPTER XXI

Gambling nearly kills the national sport—McGraw makes base-stealing record—An umpire's compliment—Players' share of gate receipts.

TOWARD the end of the 1895 season it became evident that the Orioles had won the pennant; that the Beaneaters, as the Boston club was then known, would be our opponents in the Temple Cup Series. Almost immediately ugly rumors began to circulate around Boston.

One of the newspapers hinted that all was not right. That was enough. Scandalmongers all over the city were whispering that the big series had been fixed. There was considerable gambling among the fans at that time and to repeat a rumor was almost the same as stating a fact.

These damaging rumors, which were absolutely untrue, started over some dissatisfaction about the distribution of tickets. If I remember right, it had something to do with the number of free tickets. Anyway, trouble started. There was just as much excitement then over the Temple Cup Series tickets as there is now over the World's Series—proportionately so, I mean.

Though we have had no rumors about post-season games being fixed since the World's Series idea began—excepting the Black Sox scandal of 1919—you will remember that for several years a sensation was started every fall about ticket speculation. It all comes from the demand for seats being greater than the supply. Any time 100,000 people want to get into a park that

holds but 25,000 a percentage of the public is going to be discontented and disgruntled. There is no way out of it. Peevishness is but natural.

Incidentally, gambling is the one thing that will always ruin baseball if given half a chance. Baseball is different from other forms of professional sport. It does not need betting to add spice to it, like horse racing, for instance. In fact those who really enjoy the game most—get worked up over it—seldom bet.

At any rate, the situation became so bad in Boston that several of the remaining championship games were transferred to Hampden Park, at Springfield, Mass. The attendance in Boston had fallen off to almost nothing. This park at Springfield, by the way, had been used for baseball since the days of the old "Massachusetts game." That game—something like rounders—was a forerunner of the present baseball. The fielders could throw the ball at a base runner and put him out that way. That wouldn't be such a bad idea to-day, especially if a manager was permitted to throw at a player who had just pulled a bone play.

The games at Springfield did fairly well—drew better than at Boston during those dreary days at the finish. We walked in with the pennant.

That season I batted well and stole seventy-seven bases. I am told by the statisticians that, based on the number of chances, that base-stealing record would have beaten every player before or since. That season was featured by the really wonderful playing of Jennings, Keeler and Kelley. They were all hard hitters, and when it came to baseball brains no player ever had anything on them.

Another great factor in our victory was Wilbert Robinson. He was smart as a whip behind the bat and, my! how he could "bust that old apple," as the players say to-day.

Robbie was of immense service in salving the umpires behind the plate. He had a way of making them like him. But for his diplomacy and soft soap we should have got the worst of many a close decision. I was continually pecking at them from third and it took the combined efforts of Robbie and Manager Hanlon to keep me from getting put out of the games. I was in hot water continually, it seemed. Maybe I deserved it. Anyway, Robbie was the sugar and I the vinegar of the club.

To help me in preparing these memoirs, a friend has just sent me a lot of newspaper clippings of those days. One will give you an idea. It is an interview given to a paper by Arlie Latham, who was then umpiring. We had just protested his working in our games:

"Robbie and McGraw are working both ends against the middle. Robbie sleeps in a salve factory and McGraw eats gunpowder every morning for breakfast and washes it down with warm blood. When a poor, inoffensive and well-meaning umpire appears in Baltimore Robinson meets him at the plate, shakes hands with him and remarks: 'I'm glad you came over. They tell me you've been doing great work out West. The boys say you are the best in the business, and between us I'm glad you are here. These are pretty tough games, old man, and that other fellow we had here was a little to the bad. Of course, he's a good fellow, but I'm glad you are here. You want to watch this pitcher

we are trying to-day. Great lad—keep your eye on that outside corner. He gets lots of 'em just on the edge. The other fellow missed 'em.'

"And all this time," concludes Latham. "McGraw is barking and snapping around the umpire's heels and threatening to bite him. If one system doesn't work, the other one usually does. The Orioles are not getting much the worst of anything."

Not a man on our club ever believed that we were beaten, regardless of the score. In one game in Boston the Beaneaters had us 13 to 0 up to the ninth inning. Jack Stivetts was in the box. We went in for our half and knocked in fourteen runs. That was the greatest rally I ever hope to see.

We met the Beaneaters in the Temple Cup Series and won out with comparative ease. We were in the pink of condition this time. The former experience had warned us against taking part in too many dinners and other forms of celebration in Baltimore.

The Orioles played in two more Temple Cup Series after that but we never lost again.

A comparison of the gate receipts, the winning shares and so on of those days with the more recent World's Series gives a pretty fair idea of the steady growth of baseball.

That you may get this clear in your minds—I address the remark to the younger fans—you must bear in mind that we had no National Commission in those days and we did not play under the rules and regulations provided in the National Agreement of 1905.

The players got a larger share of the money than now. No part of the money went to a commission and for

other purposes, as is the case under the present arrangement. The players got practically all the receipts and they were divided, 60 per cent. going to the winners.

In the last Temple Cup Series in which I participated—the one of 1897—my winning share was around \$900. I forget just how many players came in for a share, but there were not nearly so many as to-day. The attendance at the games averaged around six or seven thousand.

In the first series—that of 1905—played under the rules provided in the National Agreement, our New York team met the Philadelphia Athletics and won. The winning players each got \$1,100. The attendance at each game, however, was more than twenty thousand.

In 1921, when we met the Yanks at the Polo Grounds all records were broken. That, though, was a nine game series. The winning players each got \$5,400. The attendance was pretty close to 40,000 the biggest day.

In 1922, the last series, the winning players got \$4,400 each. But that was a seven game series and they got a share of the receipts for four games only. In this last series, by the way, the club owners made hardly enough to pay expenses. The fact that we won in four straight games robbed the club owners of a chance. That, by the way, is quite a tribute to the honesty of baseball. By dragging the series along a lot of money could have been made. Later on I will explain why we didn't play a series in 1904.

Not realizing that my main troubles in baseball were about to begin I had a great time that winter of 1897-1898.

CHAPTER XXII

**The Orioles planted in Brooklyn—McGraw a manager—
Bucking the syndicate—McGinnity comes to Baltimore.**

DURING the winter of 1898-99 the players of the Baltimore club and the fans of Baltimore were amazed to find that the whole Oriole team had been bodily transferred to Brooklyn. It was the biggest sensation that baseball had yet known. The first resentment at what is still called syndicate baseball went all over the country. The people of baseball were indignant.

Manager Ned Hanlon had been transferred to Brooklyn and the whole club was to go with him. Von der Host, owner of the Baltimore club, had become also part owner of Brooklyn. His partner was a man named Abell.

Baltimore was never a city to support a loser. When it was seen that we should lose the pennant in 1898 the attendance fell off considerably. This prompted the shift to Brooklyn. You can well imagine the feelings of the fans of Baltimore.

The scheme was for the players of the Brooklyn and Baltimore clubs to be pooled. Hanlon was to take the best for Brooklyn and the "culls," as we called the mediocre or slipping players then, were to go to Baltimore.

Keeler, Jennings, Kelley—all the best players of the Orioles—were told to report to Brooklyn. Robinson and myself refused to go. We were in business in Baltimore at the time and thought it unfair to be yanked

away like that. There was much argument, much hemming and hawing, but we stuck it out. We would not go.

Finally it was decided that we could stay in Baltimore and that I could be the manager, with Robinson as main assistant. He had been captain of the Orioles and would continue in that capacity.

That is how I got my start as a manager in 1899. That is when my troubles began. I quickly noted the difference between merely playing and running a ball club. But I was determined to make good, even though I was quite young. I was but twenty-five years old.

I had one great advantage that nobody had figured on—my memory. That has been my greatest asset. I knew and remembered the weakness and strength of nearly every player in the big league. This good memory, by the way, is a sort of gift to me. I never doped out any system of remembering things. I guess it is due to my intense concentration on anything in which I am interested. To give you an idea of how much I depend upon it—I am using all the names and dates in these memoirs from memory. I never keep records or notes.

This memory was to come in handy for me more in directing the game on the field than in construction.

I set about to organize a club as best I could. After a few months this was my batting order: McGraw, 3b; Holmes, 1f; Keister, 2b; Lachance, 1b; Brodie, cf; Sheckard, rf; Magoon, ss; Robinson, c; Hill, p.

I happen to recall that line-up for a particular game against the Cincinnati Reds because we were beaten out in the ninth inning, the game winding up in a

scrap in which Tommy Corcoran, Keister, McGinnity and I figured.

As soon as possible that year I made a trade by which I got Gene Demontreville from Chicago. Later I got Jennings back.

In this transfer of Demontreville there was an amusing incident. The scorers and players had shortened Demontreville's name to Demont. We all called him that.

I telegraphed him \$100 to pay for his ticket from Chicago to Baltimore. There was much excitement over this deal and we tried to keep the details quiet until it was all over. Demontreville was told to get his ticket without saying anything.

Gene went down to the telegraph office and inquired: "Have you got a \$100 money order here for Eugene Demontreville?"

"We have not," replied the cashier. "We've got a hundred dollars here for Gene Demont—but no Demontreville."

"That's me," declared Gene. "I am the same fellow."

But the cashier wouldn't stand for it. Though Gene argued and persuaded, explaining how baseball people had changed his name, there was nothing doing.

As a result the money had to be wired back to Baltimore and another order sent to Demontreville.

To get Demont I had to trade Magoon for him. That, I think, was my first real good trade. Then trouble came.

Manager Hanlon, in Brooklyn, got wind of what I was doing. He promptly announced that Jennings would be traded to Baltimore for Demontreville and

Jerry Nops, one of our best pitchers. In this Von der Host, the owner of both clubs, backed him up. I was up against it. It eventually turned out that I kept Jennings and later held on to Demontreville.

To give you an idea of the excitement over deals in those days I reprint a clipping from one of the Baltimore papers: "Jennings was not a gift of the kind-hearted Mr. Hanlon. Manager Eddie knows a trick worth two of that kind-hearted dodge. Demontreville and Nops go to Brooklyn for Jennings and the wise men navigating the Brooklyn and Baltimore syndicate explain it in a way that would be interesting to a novelist seeking a new plot.

"As the magnates tell it Von der Host was trying to get Jennings without McGraw knowing it; McGraw was trying to trade Magoon for Demont without Von der Host knowing it, and Hanlon was trying to get Nops and Demont without anybody knowing it."

Anyway, I went west with Nops and Jennings on the club. Nops, by the way, was one of the greatest left-handed pitchers of his day. Finally, I persuaded Von der Host to let me keep Demontreville. But I will not go into the many complications of that trade which kept baseball fans stirred up for quite a while.

My really good constructive work of that first season as a manager was to develop Joe McGinnity and Jimmy Sheckard. They had been tossed to me from Brooklyn. Seeing that I was not to get the best of any transfers I decided the best thing to do was to get the best out of what came to me.

Joe McGinnity was one of the best pitchers I ever knew. He had all kinds of stuff—natural ability—

but his greatness lay in his aptitude for remembering the weakness of opposing batters. In a pinch he knew what to do and how to do it. I never knew him to make the same mistake twice.

As old ball players will tell you, I had a penchant for remembering what kinds of balls certain batters had hit best in past games. That has been my biggest aid in all my years in baseball. I have had to do the remembering for most of my clubs. It is rare that a man comes along like McGinnity or Mathewson, who will remember with me.

With McGinnity and the other pitchers I discussed these things daily. We had a pretty good idea of what we would do, but most of them would forget. McGinnity did not forget. That made him a great pitcher—his faculty for avoiding a mistake in judgment the second time.

You may be surprised to know that I have had many catchers who could not remember their instructions from the bench to the plate.

Starting with this collective determination to build up a team and win we made a great showing that first year, bringing the Baltimore Club right up in the race. It was still a twelve club league and our unexpected spurt was widely discussed. As a result I had several offers from other clubs. My services were in demand as manager. Among the clubs that tried to get me was Chicago. Von der Host and Hanlon declared, however, that they would not sell my contract for \$10,000 and gave this out to the papers.

I was eager for further progress—things were brewing.

CHAPTER XXIII

**Cutting down the big league—McGraw sold to St. Louis—
Playing baseball and the ponies.**

RUMBLINGS of a coming upheaval in baseball—an upheaval that was to really change the baseball map—began to be heard in 1899, the year I managed the Orioles. Though we did not realize it for some time, that was to be the end of the old Orioles, the team that now lives in history.

It is not my intention to deal much with the government of the game, historically, in these memoirs. But to make clear the exciting incidents of that year and the next it is necessary that I give a little background. My purpose in the rest of the story is to be personal and incidental.

As I have said, several offers had been made for me during our lively season of 1899. At first Ned Hanlon and Harry Von der Host refused to consider any such offers. Soon their attitude changed. There were rumors of the National League being cut down to eight clubs. This meant, of course, that Baltimore would be one of the clubs to be dropped. Business had fallen off because of the Spanish-American War, and it was a struggle to make both ends meet. Though it was repeatedly denied, the players had good reason to believe that the big cut was coming.

The league heads hesitated to act openly for fear

the new American League, then expanding, would grab the territory. We played the season out but the owners knew that Baltimore was doomed. Obviously the only way to escape a heavy loss was to sell the players before the balloon burst.

I was not surprised, therefore, when notified during the winter that Robinson and myself had been sold to the St. Louis club. I never knew the purchase price exactly, but it was a pretty good sum. In the meantime the National League had been cut to eight clubs, leaving Louisville, Washington, Baltimore and Cleveland out in the cold.

At first Robbie and I refused to go. In fact, we declined to sign a contract for a long time. We did not report until May 5. Neither of us had any enthusiasm about playing with St. Louis. Our hearts were not with that team. On top of that, I was laid up frequently from attacks of malaria.

Right here I want to correct an impression that gained ground then, and has stuck, that I jumped the St. Louis club to go into the American League. I jumped no contract, then or at any other time. To clear this matter up I will tell you what really happened at St. Louis and later I will show why I left the Baltimore American League Club and came to New York.

The clause I objected to in my contract with the St. Louis club was the reserve clause. Both Robbie and myself refused to sign a contract which would hold us over another year, regardless of our wishes. On top of that I demanded a salary of \$9,500, which Mr. Robinson

of St. Louis finally agreed to. That, perhaps, was the largest salary paid to a player up to that time.

The reserve clause was stricken from our contracts. This made us free agents at the end of the season, giving us the right to go to another club or anywhere we pleased. The reserve clause at that time was a bone of contention among managers and players. We were determined not to be tied by it. That contract is still a matter of record and it would have been easy for anybody to inform himself as to its clauses. Nobody did, however. We were simply accused of jumping. It probably made a better story that way.

I played third base for the St. Louis club, but at no time did I act as manager, as has been written in several histories of the game. At one time Mr. Robinson, the owner, did offer me the management, but I refused even to consider it as long as Pat Tebeau had the job. Tebeau was a great friend of mine, even though we had fought each other like tomcats on the diamond for years. I think I had more scraps with Tebeau than any other man. As a result we were close friends. After joining his club I declined absolutely to take his job. Even after Tebeau had resigned as manager I refused Mr. Robinson's offer.

During that season I played in ninety-five games for St. Louis. I did the best I could, but neither Robbie nor myself was able to give the same young fire and spirit to that team that we had given to the old Orioles. The sentiment was missing.

Just outside the St. Louis park there was a race-track. Always I have been interested in playing the

ponies. It is the one sport I like outside of baseball. Most ball players are fond of the races.

With that temptation so close at hand it was a great trick for the players to get put out of games by the umpires so that they could slip across the street and take a whirl at the ponies. You can well imagine what a tough spot that was for an umpire. On the slightest provocation we would jump on him and argue and wrangle until somebody got put out. That person was considered lucky.

For a player to throw his glove in the air or slam his cap on the ground after a decision is considered the worst breach of discipline. Umpires consider it a direct evidence of disregard for authority. It usually means the player takes a trip to the club house.

One afternoon I was particularly anxious to make a bet on a horse and I began early to antagonize Tim Hurst, the umpire. It was hard, too, because very few of the decisions were close. Finally, some runner slid into third and I touched at him with the ball, though he was easily safe.

"You're blind as a bat!" I shouted at Umpire Hurst when he called the runner safe.

Tim merely laughed in that sarcastic way of his. He paid no attention to me.

With that I threw my glove in the air, hurling my cap toward him. Still he did not move to throw me out. Then I ran up and caught him by the coat sleeve and gave it a yank, trying to work myself up into a rage.

"Say, lemme tell you something," Tim finally said

to me, loud enough for everybody to hear: "You git back there and play third base. You're not going to get put out of this game—not on your life. And, lemme give you a tip—if you expect to get a bet down on Tip-Top, that two-year-old, you'd better send a boy over between innings. There ain't a chance!"

I was up against it. Tim Hurst was on. I sent my bet over between innings and played ball the rest of the afternoon.

A few days later Tim did the same thing to Bill Dahlen. Instead of punishing the boys by throwing them out of the game, he enforced discipline by keeping them in. There were a few umpires that we could handle roughly but not Tim Hurst and Tom Lynch.

I have even seen one umpire practically undressed on a ball field. I don't know if you modern-day fans remember Umpire Mannassau. Anyway, I do.

One day in Washington, before the National League was cut down, Win Mercer got a bad decision from Mannassau while pitching. The next afternoon Win—a great ball player, by the way—played third base.

There was a bad decision at third. To our amazement we saw Mercer grab Mannassau by the coat sleeves and start pulling him down the base line. He jerked and jerked, forcing the umpire toward second despite his protests and struggles. Win, a powerful man, was dragging him off the field, evidently. At second base Umpire Mannassau braced his foot against the bag and pulled back. Mercer kept yanking and Mannassau's blouse came off over his head—as one would skin a rabbit.

To the intense amusement of the crowd, there stood the once dignified umpire in his undershirt. He gave up and walked across the field in that garb.

"What the devil were you trying to do?" some of us asked Mercer.

"I was going to take the big bum down to center field and throw him over the fence," he said.

It looked as if he had really started to do that very thing, too.

CHAPTER XXIV

Growth of the American League—Disagreement with Ban Johnson—McGraw accepts management of New York Giants, 1902.

TOWARD the end of our 1900 season at St. Louis there was great excitement in the newspapers and among the players over the growth of the American League, the raids for players, the abrogation of the reserve clause in contracts, big governmental changes in the National League—oh, a lot of things.

Everybody in baseball felt nervous and ill at ease. Neither the players nor the owners knew exactly which way to jump. That a big change was coming on the map of the game was evident. The problem of all concerned was where to land on the new map. There were plenty of opportunities for shifting. With two big leagues coming there were more jobs than there were good players. Even the mediocre players were in demand.

With Baltimore, Washington and Cleveland out of the National League it was quite evident that Ban Johnson and his associates would grab that territory and expand what had been the Western League into big league territory.

Toward the end of the season I had received several letters on the subject. At the end of my season with the St. Louis club I met Ban Johnson and Charles

Comiskey in Chicago by appointment and we went over the whole situation. They wanted to get in Baltimore and so did I. Naturally a man who had played there on the old Orioles was obviously the man to have the club. He knew the people. That is how Robinson and myself fitted in.

We talked over the player situation at length and I assured them that I could help in getting players.

It was finally decided that Robinson and myself should have the Baltimore franchise—should practically own all the stock; that Comiskey's St. Paul club would move to Chicago and Jimmy Manning would take the Washington club.

Mind you, I was a free agent, empowered by my contract with the St. Louis club to sign with any club that I pleased. This also was the case of Wilbert Robinson.

The American League, as we formed it then, was composed of Boston, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia in the East; and Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and Milwaukee in the West.

A real baseball war was on. We immediately started a raid on the National League and I managed to get most of the players that I had wanted of my former Baltimore club. You see, the dropping of four clubs from the National League left the situation ripe for us to grab ball players, many of whom were discontented by the shifts and all at sea as to what they should do. Those, I assure you, were exciting days.

The fans of Baltimore were delighted at having a new major league club. We started out well and put

much of our Oriole spirit into the new team. Just the same the attendance was not as big as it should have been. It dawned on us that Baltimore was not quite large enough to support a major league club in big league figures unless the team was a winner.

Then began my troubles with Ban Johnson. I will attempt to make plain right here just what brought about my leaving the American League; to correct the many erroneous stories that have gone round.

A correspondent has sent in a questionnaire in which he asks that I tell the real facts about my breaking off with Ban Johnson—"the origin of our enmity," he expresses it.

Our Baltimore club had been playing but a short while when I discovered that I could not get along with Johnson. As President of the League he was constantly picking on the Baltimore club—setting me down for frequent suspensions and frequently disciplining other players. His severity was unusual and unjust, I thought. This crippled us considerably. I am not exactly a fool and I soon discovered what I thought to be the cause of this.

Johnson's ultimate ambition was to get a club in New York. If he succeeded, this meant, of course, that Baltimore again would be dropped and someone would be left holding the bag. Baltimore was the weakest team in attendance. If it failed to hold its own that would be a good excuse to the public for dropping it.

We had many run-ins and arguments—Johnson and I. It was certain that we would not work in harmony together; would not build successfully.

We finished out the season and began the season of 1902. To me it was quite obvious now that Johnson intended to drop the Baltimore club and to put a team in New York.

Under those circumstances, and thus forewarned, any man with business judgment would take steps not to be left with the bag to hold.

In 1902 the Baltimore club was losing money. Though we operated as a stock company I had been paying salaries to some of the players out of my pocket. I had advanced between six and seven thousand dollars—was keeping the club up. To use a sporting expression, nobody else had kicked in.

I called a meeting of the directors and put the matter squarely up to them.

"Gentlemen, here is the situation," I told them. "I have advanced nearly \$7,000 to keep the club going. The company is in debt to me that much personally. Now, I think I should be paid that money back or I should be given my unconditional release. It's not up to me to carry the club. We've got to have a show-down. You can do either one thing or the other."

We discussed the matter at length but nobody seemed willing to reimburse me for what I had paid out. At the end of the discussion it was decided to give me my unconditional release. That was done. I was free to do as I pleased. I did not jump, as has been so often said, and neither did I deceive the stockholders in any manner whatever. That transaction is also a matter of record.

In the meantime Fred M. Knowles, then Secretary

of the New York Giants, owned by Andrew Freedman, made an appointment to meet me in Baltimore. As emissary of Mr. Freedman he offered me the management of the Giants. This I agreed to consider. My duty to myself was pretty clear.

I agreed to accept the management of the Giants on the condition, stipulated in a contract, that I was to have absolute control of the team on the field; that I be empowered to purchase or trade for players and make releases as I saw fit; that my authority in that respect was to be absolute and that under no circumstances was I to be interfered with. The contract was to run for four years.

That was a pretty big order. I knew, though, that it was the only way. Without such authority I could never organize a team to suit myself. After some deliberation Mr. Freedman agreed to the terms. My salary was about \$11,000.

I reported to the New York club on July 7, 1902.

Much was made of this deal. The papers were full of it. The American Leaguers, naturally, attacked me. I was accused of leaving the Baltimore club in the lurch. The stockholders knew, however, that I had acted in good faith. I had simply protected myself as any business man would do.

That was the beginning of my real career as a manager. Before me is the sporting page of a New York paper dated Thursday, July 10, 1902. It has a four-column headline and a two-column photograph of me with this under the caption: "McGraw, who, it is said, will get \$10,000 a year, is probably the best player-

manager in the business. He is twenty-nine years of age, weighs 155 pounds and stands 5 feet 6½ inches high."

That will give you a tip as to my age. They might have added that I didn't have a gray hair in my head, either. I have many now. If you could realize what I was up against for the next year or two—and more—you would understand why.

I brought with me to New York Bresnahan, McGinnity, Cronin, McGann and also got Mertes and Billy Gilbert. Immediately things began to hum.

CHAPTER XXV

McGraw's wide-open contract—Christy Mathewson as a first baseman—Roger Bresnahan, pitcher—Rebuilding a team.

WHEN I took charge of the Giants there were twenty-three players on the payroll. Their contracts were turned over to me by Mr. Freedman. The club at that time was in last place by fourteen games—a good, safe margin. The attendance was almost nothing.

When I first walked on the field to see my team I found Christy Mathewson playing first base.

"Mr. Freedman," I said to the owner, "with a club in last place by fourteen games in the middle of the season, there is little chance of us doing much this year. We've got to build for next season. I will center on that and do what we can with what we've got."

In front of me I had a list of the twenty-three players.

"You can begin by releasing these," I said, and I marked out nine names with one stroke of the pencil.

"But you can't do that," he said in astonishment, "those players cost me a lot of money. Those nine men represent nearly \$14,000."

"Well, what of it?" I retorted. "The club couldn't

be any worse off without them. Their salaries for the rest of the season would amount to more than that. We will really be saving money."

"But——"

"Don't forget, Mr. Freedman, I am the manager of this club. I will decide who I want. You can have those players if you want them for your own amusement, but I won't have them on the club."

He threw up his hands in a gesture of helplessness.

"What will you do for others?" he asked.

"I'm going to get 'Kid' Elberfeld, 'Fielder' Jones, Ed Delehanty, George Davis——"

"Stop right there!" he ordered. "I won't have George Davis on my club. He's been here and I don't like him. I wouldn't give him thirty-five hundred dollars a year. I won't have him."

"But I'm going to have him, Mr. Freedman. He's a great player and I need him. I am the manager, you know."

"All right, I can do nothing," he finally said. "Go ahead."

In the meantime I took Matty off first base and put McGann there. We knew Matty to be a great pitcher and did everything to encourage him.

Soon we had a fighting spirit in the club and, though we ended the season last, we managed to win half of our remaining games.

That fall I set about in earnest to put together the club that I wanted. I got Mike Donlin from Cincinnati, George Browne, who had been released by Philadelphia; and I traded Charley Babb and Jack Cronin to

Brooklyn for Bill Dahlen. That, by the way, I consider the most successful deal that I ever made. It gave me just what I wanted—a great defensive short-stop. There were mighty few better than Dahlen. I also got Jack Warner from Boston. Remember, I already had McGann, Mertes and Billy Gilbert. On the New York club I had inherited Mathewson and Bowerman.

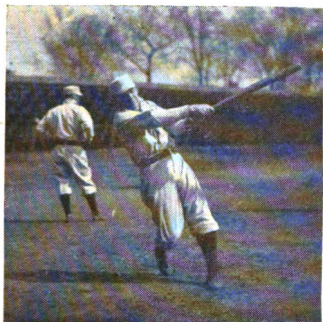
To prevent confusion let me explain that Bresnahan was a pitcher then. Our conversion of him into an outfielder, an infielder and then a catcher is one of my most interesting memories of baseball. I will take it up in another chapter.

With Elberfeld, Jones, Delehanty and George Davis ready to go in I had the makings of a formidable team. These men, as a matter of fact, though, never played with the Giants under my management though I got them signed to contracts. Under a subsequent agreement between the two leagues I was not allowed to play them. They were sent back to other teams in the redistribution of players.

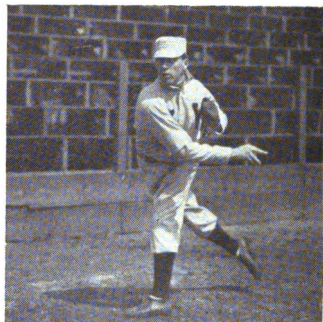
Just the same I kept two or three of them on the bench for some time and paid their salaries.

I'll never forget the expression on Andrew Freedman's face when I came back from a raiding trip with George Davis's contract in my pocket. I tossed it on the table. It called for a salary of \$6,500. And this was the man Freedman said he wouldn't give \$3,500.

He threw up his hands. Later, after he had left the club, Mr. Freedman told me that I was right; that he had been wrong from the start in thinking that an



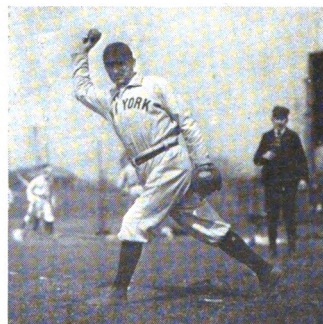
DAHLEN



LEON AMES



WILTSE



JOE "IRON MAN" MCGINNITY

owner could successfully decide on players for his manager.

So, when we got ready to start the 1903 season I had the following nucleus for a real team to represent New York:

McGann, 1b; Gilbert, 2b; Dahlen, ss. (Third base was in doubt as I played there myself sometimes.) My outfielders were Mertes, Donlin and Browne. The catchers were Bowerman and Warner. The pitchers were Mathewson, McGinnity, Bresnahan as the leaders. I did not get Wiltse and Ames until some time later, when I also bought Arthur Devlin, a youngster, from Newark.

Before we got well under way several minor changes were made. At any rate we started out with a rush and ended the season in second place. The attendance had begun to increase by leaps and bounds. If I do say it myself New York was again on the baseball map.

In the meantime Freedman had sold out his interests to John T. Brush, owner of the Cincinnati club.

There has been much talk about why Freedman got out of baseball. Personally, I believe my signing of George Davis for that salary and putting on other players as I pleased started him. He thought baseball was out of his hands; that he was helpless in the hands of a manager who had such authority in a four-year contract. Often I have talked with him about that during his latter years and he has laughingly agreed that I had the dope about right.

John T. Brush, though, observing my start, thought that I was exactly right. Immediately he began negotia-

tions for the club. I acted as the emissary for him at Freedman's home out in the country. I must have kept that road hot going back and forth.

Finally the deal was consummated and John T. Brush became the owner of the New York Giants. He was heart and soul with me in my plan to build up a club. He didn't care what players I bought or what I paid for them as long as my judgment dictated their purchase. Right here I would like to say that not once from then until his death did Mr. Brush ever interfere with me in the slightest way. He gave me the reins and told me to go just as far as I liked.

I have related these incidents of the early days in New York in a rather scattering way. I have made no attempt to pick up the various moves in chronological order. Their place in the construction of the club was of more importance than the dates. I have, therefore, dealt with them that way.

During these interesting days the Baltimore club, as was expected, dropped out of the American League and New York took its place. Then began the rivalry—the competition—in New York that eventually turned out a great thing for the game.

The biggest move we made in the latter part of 1902 and in 1903 was rehabilitating Mathewson as a pitcher. The way he developed through encouragement was little short of amazing. With a club of spirit behind him he burst in bloom overnight, it seemed.

Another chapter is required to point out the early defects and quick growth of Mathewson.

CHAPTER XXVI

Christy Mathewson becomes a pitcher—His wonderful memory—Other phases of the personality that made "Matty" the greatest twirler that ever lived.

My astonishment at finding Christy Mathewson on first base for the Giants when I took charge of the team late in 1902 can well be imagined. To-day it would be a shock.

Of course I had seen Matty before I saw him playing on the bag. To me he was pretty nearly the perfect type of a great pitching machine. He had the stature and strength and he had tremendous speed. That speed was the thing everybody talked about then. Occasionally he had been able to use it with great success and by careless management they had permitted him to drift along as best he could. As yet he had not begun to study pitching as an art.

You must remember that Matty was then but a gangling boy just out of his teens. He simply floundered around in the box with little sense of purpose. By constant efforts at speed he had become wild. Not knowing exactly what to do about his case someone thought he might make a great first baseman. That, incidentally, was the last place he should have played.

After sizing him up for a little while I put him in a game or two. He had so many faults that it would be difficult to enumerate them. He simply knew noth-

ing about pitching at all. His wonderful equipment was being wasted. Even as a boy, though, he had an unusual store of common sense and, being well educated, was eager to be directed. Mathewson never forgot anything in his life.

The first big break in his career came in a game in which we had the opposing club beaten by a two to one score up to the ninth inning. There was a runner on base and the next batter up was Jimmy Slagle.

All of us who had studied batters closely knew quite well that Slagle was a fast-ball hitter of the most dangerous type. On a curve he was weak.

I was never more surprised in my life when Bowerman, who was catching, gave Matty the sign for a fast high ball. Putting everything he had on it the young fellow shot the ball over like a bullet—right in Slagle's groove.

"Bang!"

Jimmy caught the ball squarely on the nose and slammed it for a home run. We had lost the game.

"Didn't you know that Slagle always hits a high fast ball?" I asked. "He's notorious for that."

"No, I didn't," admitted Matty. "Bowerman signed for it and I burned one through."

"Well, don't ever do that again," I said, a little tartly. "If these fellows here don't know what the different batters usually hit ask me. I'll give you the sign."

"You know most of them, don't you?" he asked.

"If I don't I will before we go through a season," I told him. "Now let me ask you something, young

fellow—why do we bring the infield in when there is a man on base?”

“Why, to make a play at the plate. We don’t want the ball to get through the infield.”

“All right; then, what kind of ball would you make them hit so as to prevent it going through?”

“I see,” he said. “A curve, of course. They’ll hit that in the dirt.”

“Exactly. Now, don’t ever pitch a man a fast ball when the infield is drawn in. It’s just the thing he can hit through if he gets hold of it.”

Matty looked at me hard for a moment, nodded his head and smiled.

“I won’t do it again. I get the idea,” he said.

“What does that fellow hit best?” he asked, pointing to an opposing player the next day.

I happened to know and told him. That particular batter could hit a curve ball around his knees. He never got another from Matty.

I never had to tell Mathewson anything a second time. In addition to my instruction he watched McGinnity closely, picking up other points. From that first day, it seemed, Matty carefully studied all opposing batters. Once he learned what they could hit and what they couldn’t, he never forgot. In a few years he had in that wonderful brain of his a chart of nearly every ball player in the National League.

Realizing that pitching to weaknesses had to be exacting, he started in to perfect his control. He worked and studied all the time. By watching McGinnity he picked up the idea of change of pace and perfected it. ✓

To this day Matty has one of the most remarkable memories I ever have encountered. He could tell you right now the strong and weak points of every batter that faced him in the World's Series of 1905. An evidence of his retentive memory is his wonderful success as a checker player. I have seen him play eight checker experts simultaneously—yes, and beat them all. That used to be a favorite stunt of his on the road. He could even blindfold himself and remember the moves.

There was never another pitcher like Mathewson. I doubt if there ever will be. For him to make a mistake was the rarest thing in the world. Always it was a pleasure to work with him. He accepted discipline cheerfully and did not have to be told to keep in practice. Baseball pitching was as fascinating a science to him as playing checkers. He loved the art of it.

Another important factor in his greatness was his team spirit. Always he worked for the club and with the club, whether in the game or not. When he became a master of his trade he was an inspiration to the other pitchers. If in the box himself he would instinctively turn and indicate to the outfield what position to take, according to what he would pitch.

Early in his career he figured out the necessity of reserving his strength for a pinch. Matty figured that a pitcher should be just one-ninth of a team and not try to play the whole game. Until his reserve strength was needed he would let the batter hit the ball and depend upon the rest of the club to take care of the ball. Only in a tight place would he deliberately try for a strike-out. In other words, Matty never exerted

himself until it became necessary. That's why he had such tremendous strength when it came to a pinch. In a critical situation watching Matty was just as comfortable as sitting behind four aces in a poker game.

Matty's famous fadeaway curve was the result of long study and practice. He had observed the ability of batters to read a curve that broke outward, so he tried to develop one that would fall away to the other side of the plate or as much in that direction as possible. After he got that ball perfected, it was laughable to see the way some of the batters almost broke their necks going after it.

Another thing that he figured out was the saving of strength by pitching as few balls as possible. That meant a necessity of perfect control. In time he got it. Never did he waste a ball without purpose. If I remember aright he went through one whole season, averaging but one base on balls per game.

His quickness of perception was remarkable. In the World's Series of 1905, for instance, we knew that Monte Cross, while in the National League, had been notoriously weak on high, fast balls. All our pitchers were so instructed.

The first ball Matty pitched to him was a high fast one—and he cracked it!

"Say," he said to me, "you know these American League fellows have been pitching to that weakness so long that a high fast one is the only thing Cross can hit now. Let's shift on him."

We did and he was never again dangerous.

CHAPTER XXVII

How Mathewson stopped the "squeeze play"—Coveleskie's scheme for keeping track of base runners—"Crazy" Schmidt discovers "Pop" Anson's "weakness."

No one but a baseball manager can really appreciate fully what it means to have a couple of pitchers like Mathewson and McGinnity on the same team. That pair would come pretty near winning the pennant for most any club that was at all above the ordinary.

You may appreciate this when it is recalled that in one season Mathewson and McGinnity won something like seventy-five games between them. That in itself would win a pennant.

Aside from their mere ability to win, two reliable pitchers like that enable a manager to experiment with his young men. It was pretty nearly certain that either of them would go through the nine innings any time they started a game, even if they lost. That obviated the constant upsetting of the regular routine of the pitchers by having to make frequent changes during the games.

Any time that either Matty or McGinnity walked out to the box there was a feeling of security on the bench. We knew that we had the best hand to start with. The other players immediately took on a spirit of confidence and played just that way. They recognized the probability of any pitcher being beaten, but

they had a feeling that no mistakes would be made.

While I regard Mathewson as the greatest pitcher that ever lived—and most baseball men agree with me on that—don't get the impression that McGinnity was not a star of the first magnitude. He was pretty nearly as good as Matty. Joe had pretty nearly everything that a pitcher needs, including a puzzling underhand ball and a baffling change of pace. Moreover, he knew the batters.

To bunt on McGinnity was a tough undertaking. Instinctively he seemed to know just when the batter would take a poke at the ball or try to dump it in front of the plate. If the batter intended to bunt McGinnity would keep the ball high on him so that it was impossible to get on top of it. As a result, he made them pop out instead of getting away with a sacrifice.

On smart pitchers like Mathewson and McGinnity it was almost impossible to work the squeeze play. That play, as you know, comes up when there is a runner on third and less than two out. The runner starts as if to steal when the pitcher draws back his arm. The batter then bunts the ball. It is impossible to get the runner at the plate if the play is perfectly made. The only thing left is to throw the batter out at first and let the run count.

For a while batters and runners worked that play frequently. We did not use it often, though.

"That's an easy play to beat," Matty said to me one day. "I wish some of them would try it on me."

Mind you, Mathewson had doped out a way to beat

that play within a day or two after he first heard of it. That's the way he always figured. It will give you an idea of his studious mind.

"All a pitcher's got to do," he said, "is to keep his head up and pitch out to the batter."

The expression "keeping your head up" in baseball means being alert and on the job.

Pretty soon after that a team—I forget which just now—did try the squeeze play on Mathewson.

Out of the corner of his eye he saw the man start from third. Also he noticed the batter make a motion to choke his bat. Matty simply pitched out—wide of the plate. The batter couldn't reach the ball and the man coming from third was caught by ten feet.

A manager could depend upon either of those great pitchers to out-think like that. Other pitchers could do the same thing to-day—but they don't. The squeeze play is frequently worked during the regular season. It is even worked in the World's Series.

Now, as I say, only a manager can appreciate just what it means to have two men who will really help out in the thinking department. A big majority of them run a manager distracted by even forgetting what he has told them.

Bill Murray, who used to manage the Phillies, had many funny run-ins with some of his non-thinking players. The most amusing is the one he tells on Coveleskie, the pitcher, who worked so hard to help beat us out in that season of 1908 after the famous Merkle incident of not touching second.

The Phillies were in a close game with Coveleskie

pitching and there was a runner on first base. Coveleskie deliberately took a big wind-up. Naturally, the runner, taking advantage of that, got a big lead and stole second. A pitcher, you know, never takes a wind-up with men on bases—at least, he shouldn't do so.

"What do you mean by taking a wind-up like that with a man on first?" Murray shot at Coveleskie when he came back to the bench.

"I didn't know there was a man on first," the big Pole answered by way of an alibi.

"You didn't know there was a man on there?" stormed Murray. "Why didn't some of you fellows tell—— Now, listen, fellows," he said, sarcastically, to the other players, who were trying to suppress their smiles, "I want it distinctly understood that hereafter we'll have no secrets on this club. Any time there is a runner on base you tip Coveleskie off, hear me? We'll have no secrets!"

"That's what they ought to do," declared Coveleskie, the biting sarcasm of Murray totally lost on him.

One of the quaintest characters we ever had in baseball was "Crazy" Schmidt, the pitcher. Schmidt couldn't remember so well so he kept a little book in his uniform pocket in which he had tabulated the weaknesses of all the different batters. Frequently he would refer to this little book before pitching to a certain batter.

One day in a close game, when I was but a kid, "Cap" Anson of Chicago, a terrific hitter, as you will remember, came to bat. There were two men on bases at the time.

Schmidt looked at him a moment, puzzled.

"Wait!" he called to the umpire, and deliberately got out his little book, which he carefully scanned. In the meantime the crowd and the players were giving Schmidt the razz. It didn't disturb him, however.

Finally he called to the catcher for a conference.

"I got it, I got it," he whispered in the catcher's ear. "Dere ain't nodings here 'bout a curve or a fast one—so, it's a base on balls. Dot's his weakness!"

So deciding, Schmidt gave Anson a base on balls and thought he had done a masterly piece of pitching. He probably had, at that. Believe me, that "Cap" Anson could sting the ball.

CHAPTER XXVIII

**Humorous incidents—"Steve" Brodie forgets to score—
The umpire who "talked back" to Dummy Taylor—
McGraw's fifty-dollar umbrella joke—Wilbert Robinson
and the balloon ascension.**

BEFORE I get entirely away from the old days when I was a player and go into the days when my real troubles began—my experience as a manager—I must answer a suggestion sent to me by Chick Evans, the great golfer.

In answer to our questionnaire Mr. Evans says: "I would be interested most in knowing what McGraw considers the funniest thing he ever saw on the diamond."

The things that give me the biggest laughs now, when in a reminiscent mood, were not funny at all at the time they occurred. The fact that we took them so seriously, though, is probably what makes them funny now.

For my best laughs my mind naturally drops back to the days of my association with Walter Brodie—"Steve." Don't get the impression that Brodie was a humorist. No, indeed. He was so deadly serious that he never knew he was funny.

One afternoon in a game at Baltimore "Steve" was on second and Roger Bresnahan at the bat. We needed two runs to win.

Bresnahan got hold of a fast one and slapped it far past the outfield. Upon reaching third Brodie turned to see where the ball had gone. He could see that it would be a three-base hit and probably a home run. After passing third he stopped and began rooting and waving for Bresnahan to come on. In his excitement he forgot all about running himself.

"Come on, Roger!" he yelled. "Come on—atta boy, Roger!"

Roger came steaming around the bases in answer to Brodie's urgent cries. He passed third and ran right on past Brodie and slid into the plate for a home run.

"Atta boy, Roger!" chuckled Brodie.

Then to the amazement of the stands, to Brodie and to all of us the catcher walked up and touched Brodie with the ball, putting the side out without a run. Brodie had stood there and let Bresnahan go past him!

You can imagine what we said to him. Just what he had done did not dawn on "Steve" until he reached the bench.

I can see that picture now and it is the funniest that I can remember but, believe me, it was not funny then.

Another humorous picture that sticks in my mind was a rainy day at the Polo Grounds when Dummy Taylor, the pitcher, tried to show up the umpires. We were well in the lead that day when, after a slight drizzle, rain began to fall in torrents. The game was called or suspended, and the crowd waited for fully a half hour. Water stood in pools all over the field.

From the bench we kept yelling to Umpire O'Day to

call the game and let us go home. Naturally, we wanted it called as the Giants were in the lead. But O'Day was stubborn.

A few minutes later to our surprise Hank ordered play resumed. We protested in vain that it was too wet to play. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Dummy Taylor dart under the stand. I knew he had something on his mind. In fact, he had gone to the club house to see the grounds keeper. •

During a very serious moment the crowd was treated to the sight of Dummy Taylor starting for the coaching lines wearing a huge pair of rubber boots. Those things are not nearly so funny to tell as to see. The ridiculous appearance of a ball player in rubber boots threw the stands into a roar of laughter. Umpire O'Day scowled. Just the same, Dummy started coaching, slapping his hands, jumping up and down and so on.

"Get out of there!" O'Day motioned to the deaf-mute pitcher. "Get off there, I tell you!"

I could see from his eye that Taylor knew what was going on but he pretended not to have noticed, and kept right on, the stands rocking in laughter.

Finally O'Day walked toward Taylor. Catching his eye, he indicated by sign what he had said.

Taylor turned to me and began telling me on his fingers what he thought of O'Day. All of the Giants had learned the deaf-mute finger language and the players on the bench laughed at the terrible things he was saying about the umpire. Suddenly O'Day flew into a rage, apparently.

"That'll cost you \$25!" he yelled, and then, to the

astonishment of Taylor and all the rest of us, he started using his fingers.

"You are out of the game—get off the field," he said in the deaf-mute language.

The umpire had understood everything that Taylor had said about him. It developed that O'Day had a relative who was a deaf-mute and he had learned the finger language perfectly.

With head bowed, Taylor had to stroll all the way across the field in his gum boots, his mind on that \$25 fine.

Some ways back I mentioned the benefits of having a good memory. There was one incident, though, where my memory worked with reverse English.

Many of you will probably recall Umpire Bausewein. He is now a policeman in Philadelphia and I see him often. When he came to the National League for the first time we proceeded to ride him, of course.

After hearing his name I suddenly remembered a game that he umpired in a minor league some ten or twelve years before. He had made a bad decision, so bad, in fact, that the owner of the home club left the stand and ran out on the field, hitting Bausewein over the head with an umbrella.

That incident stuck in my mind so clearly that I wanted to make sure that Bausewein remembered it. He made three or four bad decisions. In answer to our protests he waved us to the bench. ˆ

"Say, Bausewein," I turned and yelled at him, "you better keep your head up. There's an old guy with an umbrella up there in the stand."

"Get out of here!" he screamed at me. "Get off the bench! You are out of the game! Get off the field!"

Evidently I had set off a bomb. Very well did he remember the old fellow with an umbrella. The laugh, though, was on me. It cost me a \$50 fine.

The players had a good laugh on Wilbert Robinson one day—a laugh that gave them a catch phrase for several years.

Robbie, if you will recall, came back to join the Giants as coach. In the meantime he had grown much stouter. Robbie always was chubby, but a few years away from the diamond and in business had added much to his weight. Still, he got a uniform and showed up on the coaching lines the first day in Chicago.

He stooped over to pull a sprig of grass. Just as he did so the fans got their first sight of him.

"Holy Moses!" yelled a fan in the front row, his eyes glued on the rotund coach. "Say, McGraw, what time does the balloon go up?"

There was a roar of laughter by spectators and players at this. Robbie burned up, despite his wonderful sense of humor.

He often tells that on himself and laughs much more than he did then. For months after that if the players wanted to get Robbie's goat they would come to the bench, ask something about the balloon ascension and beat it as fast as they could.

Even to this day the players make that crack at any player who is obviously overweight.

CHAPTER XXIX

Bresnahan becomes a catcher—American League formed in New York—Why the Giants refused to play a World's Series in 1904—The Giants beat the Philadelphia Athletics in their first World's Series, 1905.

THOUGH the Giants did not win the pennant in 1903, my first full year as a manager in New York, we finished second. We were going so strong at the finish it was generally predicted that we would win in 1904. We were doing everything in our power to strengthen the weak spots and both Mathewson and McGinnity were pitching great baseball.

Pittsburgh finally won out in 1903. Immediately arrangements were made for a post-season series of games between the Pirates and the Boston Red Sox, champions of the American League. This was the first time the National League had recognized the other major organization.

John T. Brush, owner of the Giants, would not recognize them even then. He held out to the last.

There was great excitement over this series, it being the first big affair since the days of the Temple Cup. It also would give the fans a chance to observe the relative strength of the National and American leagues. The rivalry was intense in those days—really
v bitter. Fans came to blows over discussions of the two leagues. In the cities where there were two clubs there was a definite division, one going to one league and the other supporting the opposition.

The series was to be the best four out of seven, as is the case now.

The affair started in Pittsburgh, and the Pirates won the first three games. The American Leaguers were downhearted. The National Leaguers were crowing. Then the series switched, and Boston won the next four games straight.

Often you have noticed, it is likely, that the 1903 series is not listed in the records of the World's Series games as now played. That is due to there having been no official rules or regulations for games between the rival leagues—no supervision by an organized body.

That is how the situation stood when we went into the season of 1904. That is the year that our team really began to develop. That spring we discovered a great third baseman in Arthur Devlin. With Dahlen, Gilbert and Dan McGann making up the rest of the infield, we were in fine shape. Also Bresnahan had been changed from a pitcher to an infielder and then a catcher. The conversion of Bresnahan into a catcher is what really gave us our needed punch. He was to prove one of the greatest catchers in the world, it developed, a matter that I will discuss at length a little later on.

George Wiltse also developed as a pitcher that year, as did Leon Ames. They had been with us for some time, but that is when they really began to show form. We also had Dummy Taylor. Taylor, by the way, was another great pitcher. The new group, added to the strength of Matty and McGinnity, gave us quite a pitching staff.

With Bowerman and Bresnahan as leading catchers we were also strong there. In the outfield we had

George Browne, Mike Donlin and Sam Mertes. True to prediction we stepped right out and waded through the league. Our team more than lived up to expectations. For the first time in many years New York had a pennant winner. The attendance was increasing marvelously.

A thing that added to the baseball interest in New York was the newly formed American League team, made up of many stars, including my old friend Willie Keeler and Jack Chesbrough, the pitcher. Clark Griffith was manager.

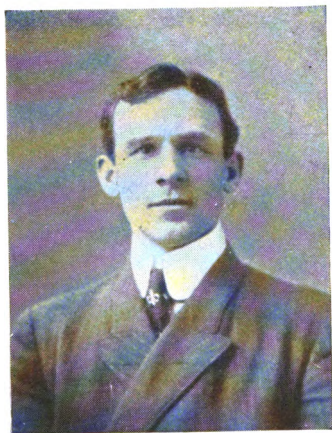
This competition for patronage really turned out a good thing for baseball rather than a detriment. You can imagine how intense was the interest when it is recalled that the Yanks lost the pennant to Boston on the last day of the season when Chesbrough made a wild pitch. Bill Dineen, the present umpire in the American League, was pitching for Boston that day.

I will not go into the details of how we won the pennant. But we did.

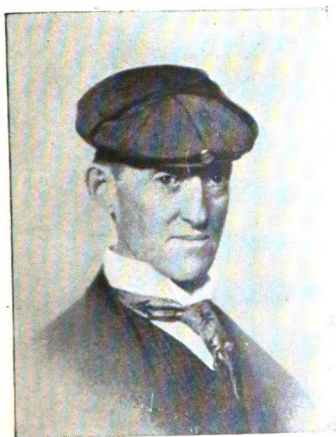
Immediately there arose a clamor to have us play the Boston Red Sox for the world's championship. But Mr. Brush paid no attention to this demand.

Having been one of the main supports of the National League for years, he did not see why we should jeopardize the fruits of our victory by recognizing and playing against the champions of an organization that had been formed to put us out of business.

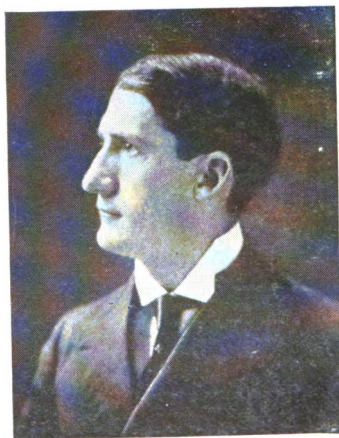
"Besides," he said to me, "there are no rules or regulations for such a contest and there is no governing body. Nobody has supervision of the umpiring or the arrangements."



JOHN J. MCGRAW
1904



JOHN T. BRUSH



FRED M. KNOWLES

He stubbornly maintained that position and there was no series. In Boston and all over the American League we were knocked and hammered, the substance of the criticisms being that we were afraid to play the Red Sox. All this ran off Mr. Brush like water off a duck's back. He was a man of great determination, firm as a stone wall. At the same time Mr. Brush was a man of great vision. All the time they were criticizing him and the New York club he was formulating a plan for the present form of World's Series, which was destined to be the annual classic event of baseball.

The next year Mr. Brush suggested the plan by which the National Commission, then made up of Harry C. Pulliam, Ban Johnson and August Herrmann, could make up a set of rules and regulations under which a World's Series could be played. Provisions were made for the appointment of umpires, the division of receipts, the disciplining of players—everything to give the affair a definite government.

That is the agreement under which the games are now played. The first was that of 1905, when the Giants played the Athletics. Once the governing arrangements were made definite Mr. Brush offered no further objections. In fact he went into it with as much zest as the players.

In that series we won with comparative ease, Mathewson pitching three games without being scored upon.

Of all the World's Series in which I have taken part I think the picture of that one stands out most vividly in my memory.

To begin with, we decided to do the thing right. We had special uniforms made for the Giants.

I will never forget the impression created in Philadelphia and the thrill that I got personally when the Giants suddenly trotted out from their dugout clad in uniforms of black flannel, trimmed with white. The letters across the breasts were in white.

I have heard army men say that the snappiest-looking outfit is usually made up of the best fighters. I can well understand that. The psychological effect of being togged out in snappy uniforms was immediately noticeable upon the players. The Athletics in their regular-season uniforms appeared dull alongside our champions.

Our players kept up that snap from the jump. They fought every inch of the way, fighting all the time with absolute confidence.

Hundreds of New York fans escorted us to Philadelphia and the scenes in the lobbies of the hotels were lively. There was much more betting then than now. Giant rooters were all over the place trying to get bets down. After we had won the first game by a shut-out we were big favorites.

The only setback to that series was discovery of the fact that many of the Giants and the Athletic players had paired off in arrangements to divide the receipts equally no matter which side won. I was disgusted at this—at their unwillingness to take a chance.

Bresnahan, Matty and myself, however, refused to do any pairing. After getting the big share of the receipts we had the laugh on the others. Several of them, I understood afterwards, tried to run out on their agreement, just as happened back in the old Temple Cup Series.

CHAPTER XXX

Greatest ball team McGraw ever managed—"Vegetable reception" of the Giants in Pittsburgh—Skylarking.

I REGARD the Giants of 1905 as the greatest ball club that I have managed. I look upon it as one of the greatest ball teams of the last thirty years. As I have said before, the Baltimore Orioles of 1894-95-96, in my opinion, made up the greatest ball team of my knowledge. The 1905 Giants, though, were the best that I ever have managed.

I say this, too, in due regard for the fact that I have handled other clubs that were greater hitters and greater base runners. I hand the laurels to the 1905 team for its smartness. We did not have a really slow-thinking ball player on the club.

That team was not so fast, but what it lacked in speed of feet it made up in speed of thought. In addition, we had two of the greatest pitchers that the game has ever seen—Mathewson and McGinnity. We had two of the great catchers—Bresnahan and Bowerman. To my way of thinking, Bresnahan was about the best catcher of all times. The only other catcher that I would rank alongside him is Buck Ewing.

I have had fans, baseball writers and even players look surprised when I made this statement about Bresnahan. But I would ask you something:

Did you ever know of another catcher who was a

smart enough hitter and base runner to lead the batting order? Did you ever know of another catcher who in addition to his backstop work could hit over .300 and steal forty-five bases in a season?

I don't think you have. All of those things must be taken into consideration when selecting the best catcher of all times. His value to a team is what counts. I could name a dozen catchers who worked like a machine, who were good hitters and who had great arms. A majority of them, though, were slow thinkers.

Bresnahan, you see, had all of those qualities combined. Johnny Kling, for instance, was one of the greatest of all catchers, but I never thought him as valuable to a ball club as Bresnahan. He could not hit as well as Roger and there were other things that he could not do as well. Nobody, though, could throw better than Kling.

Roger had played every position—pitcher, outfield, infield, catcher. He was good at all too.

Bresnahan had a memory almost as good as that of Mathewson and McGinnity. He never had to be told twice. Once we had discovered a weak spot in the opposition and had discussed a plan for attacking it I could depend absolutely on Bresnahan to carry it out. He did not forget. His whole mind was concentrated on winning that particular game and it was rarely that he overlooked anything.

It is not at all uncommon for me to have catchers—men of perfect mechanical ability—who do not remember instructions from the bench to the plate. For

that reason I have had to take it upon myself to give all the signals for the pitching.

Not only was that 1905 team a smart-thinking ball club but it was a team of fighters. They thought they could beat anybody and they generally could. As a result of this fighting instinct we got into much trouble.

It was seldom that we went to Pittsburgh without having some kind of run-in with the fans. I suppose we did antagonize them too much, but it certainly was a lot of fun. There were hot doings any time the Giants arrived. We were roundly hated. Even the newspaper men who accompanied the team came in for a share of roasting.

In those days it was not at all unusual for the papers to announce that "the rowdy Giants, accompanied by representatives of the yellow press, got in town this morning."

We used to stay at the old Monongahela Hotel and from there drove in open carriages to the ball park. The Pittsburgh park then was in Allegheny City, across the river. To reach the bridge we had to pass by the public market place. If we escaped a shower of small stones and trash outside of the park we were sure to get it as we passed the market.

One afternoon, after a hot game with the Pirates, the fans started after us while we were getting in our carriages. Understand, we dressed at the hotel then—not at the ball park. Of course, we were not altogether blameless. If the fans started razzing us we would razz right back at them. To tell the truth, we sort of delighted in tantalizing the overheated rooters.

On this particular day we had dodged handfuls of gravel, loose pieces of brick, and so on, all the way to the bridge. Just as we crossed on the other side one of the market men started razzing us. We came back at him strong. In another minute we were greeted with a shower of old vegetables—potatoes, onions, tomatoes and even cantaloupes.

McGinnity, always a quiet sort of fellow, arose in his carriage to try and quiet things down. He was just about to tell the other players to keep quiet when he lurched forward. As if in concert four big tomatoes hit him squarely in the seat of the pants. That was one of the most laughable sights I have seen. The stain stayed there until we got back off the trip.

Sammy Strang, in another carriage, was hit on the side of the head with an overripe cantaloupe. When we finally escaped and reached the hotel, anyone to look at our carriage would have thought that we had been hauling garbage. That sort of thing happened frequently.

Instead of curing us, though, it made the players more eager to fight and to win. They loved to lick the Pirates—our main rivals—and then drive by the market.

A favorite source of amusement for the ball players, going to and from the park, was to read the signs in front of a store or an office. Having observed the name, they would begin yelling for that particular man. Often he would come out and bow.

In one of the minor league cities, visited in the spring, we were driving from the grounds in a big omnibus.

We passed a residence and noticed a sign on the window :
"Dr. McNutt."

"Hello, Doc, how are you?" the players began to yell. "Where's the old Doc?" they asked of an old woman who was watering the lawn with a hose.

In a moment the doctor, feeling himself a little bit honored, came to the door.

"Say, Doc," some fresh young fellow called out, "where do you bury your patients?"

With that the old woman on the lawn, thoroughly indignant, turned and leveled the hose on the bus and let us have the full stream. It was some stream, too. We scrambled to the floor, ordering the man to drive fast. Before we could get out of range, though, all of us had a good soaking. I know I got one shot from the hose squarely in the chest. McGinnity, sitting opposite me, had ducked just in time to let me have it.

That whole club had the spirit of skylarking college boys and I was just as bad as any of them. On the field, though, they thought like men of affairs. Always they were on a hair edge ready to get into a row if anybody pulled the trigger.

The more I think of it the more I realize what a picturesque ball club that was. To protest games and make numerous affidavits was a common thing. At times we even figured in injunction cases in the courts. I guess fans of this day still remember the "Hey, Barney!" incident which wound up in a trial at Boston. I will have to tell about that in a later chapter.

CHAPTER XXXI

Sam Mertes's great catch—Keeler pulls one out of the barbed wire—The danger of the sunfield.

✓ THE one big factor in that 1905 team, which in many ways I consider my greatest ball club, was team spirit—that indomitable determination to win games regardless of who got the individual credit. Naturally, a ball club had to be smart to see the force of that policy.

That very idea suggests to me the answer to one of those who have sent in filled-out questionnaires. He says: "What was the greatest catch you ever saw made?"

To my way of thinking the answer to that depends largely upon the importance of the result. I have seen many. The one that remains most vividly in my memory was made by Sam Mertes in Cincinnati. It is indelible because it decided the pennant of 1905.

We had been going at top speed and arrived in Cincinnati with just one victory needed to cinch the pennant.

If you will remember, Sam Mertes, being a great sunfielder, played left field while Mike Donlin played center. Mike was not an expert in the sunfield. Very few players are. That ability to look into a blazing sun and keep an eye on the ball is a sort of God-given faculty. I think the natural strength of the eye has

much to do with it. To appreciate what I mean, walk across the field of any ball park after the game. Then turn suddenly and look into the sun, which is usually sinking back of the grandstand. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred will be temporarily blinded. Smoked glasses help some to overcome this but the average person could not follow the course of a ball even with that aid.

In this game with Cincinnati they were pushing us close and I noticed that Mike Donlin was having trouble with the sun in center field. He had narrowly escaped a couple of errors that would have been disastrous.

In the next inning I realized that long hitters would be coming up.

"It's tough out there, Mac," Mike said to me. "At this time of year the sun is directly in the center fielder's eyes and just over the top of the grandstand."

"All right, you move over into left, Mike," I directed. "And, Mertes, you go and play center."

Sure enough, in the next inning, the Reds got a man on. A long hit would beat us. And, mind you, the pennant was almost in our grasp. That one game was needed.

The next batter caught one on the nose and it was a wicked line drive to deep center. Mertes, having anticipated the danger of a long hit, played very deep. A short hit—say, a single—would not be so disastrous, but a three-bagger or a home run would be fatal. Mertes realized that and played accordingly.

Starting with the crack of the bat he looked squarely

into the sun and ran with the ball. It seemed certain that it would go over his head. By a sprint, though, he got back and with a jump speared the ball with his bare hand, crashing into the fence as he fell. But he had saved the game and won the pennant.

That was the greatest catch I ever saw. It was doubly great because nothing but the shifting of outfielders at the psychological moment would have saved us. Donlin would never have been able to see the ball and make the catch.

From a purely spectacular point of view the greatest catch I ever saw was made by Willie Keeler while our old Oriole team was playing one day in Washington. Keeler, by the way, died unexpectedly on New Year's Eve of this year, while the present memoirs were being written.

I do not recall the exact status of the game, as the result was not so important. Anyway, the Senators got a man on base and Abbey, I believe it was, took a vicious swing and slammed a drive toward right field that seemed a sure home run.

On top of the railing in front of the right-field bleachers there were three or four strands of barbed wire, just a little higher than the outfielder's head. It seemed sure that the ball would clear this barbed wire.

Willie Keeler started with the crack of the bat and got to the fence in time, but it looked as if the ball would go into the stand over his head. That's what it did do—almost.

Seeing the predicament, Willie leaped in the air and fearlessly stuck his bare hand between the strands of

barbed wire. The ball struck in his hand and he held it. He held it, despite the painful cutting of his hand as he dragged it back over the sharp barbs.

That catch was talked about for months. I have never seen another like it. It showed marvelous judgment of distance, accuracy and unusual courage.

An odd aftermath to that catch is that while I was talking about it one night on the train with some of the New York baseball reporters in 1905 one of them spoke up.

"Mac," he said, "your memory is certainly accurate. I was a boy of eighteen then and was sitting in the bleachers that day, just in the spot where I would have got the ball if Keeler hadn't caught it.

"And, a funny thing about that," he added, "I was asked about that catch by one of the baseball writers that night. When I read the stories in the paper the next day it gave me the notion of becoming a baseball writer myself."

Another great catch that I remember very well was made by Harry Hooper in that sensational game between the Giants and the Red Sox which decided the World's Championship in 1912.

We were in a good position to win when Josh Devore got on first. Larry Doyle got hold of one and sent a long drive tearing toward right center that bore a home run label.

There was a little fence about three feet high in front of the bleacher crowd out there—an overflow. Harry Hooper darted for the ball. Seeing that it would clear the fence he leaped backward, caught the ball and fell

over the little fence into the crowd. But for that catch I am certain the Giants would have won. It would have changed the whole complexion of the game and there would have been no opportunity for the last two plays that spelled havoc—Merkle and Meyer failing to catch the foul back of first base and Snodgrass making the muff in center.

Another great catch of more recent date was that of Bill Cunningham when he caught that terrific long fly of Ruth's in the last series with the Yanks, falling against the center-field fence as he made it.

We had sort of suspected that Ruth would pull one of those long range shots of his. At any rate we took no chances on not being ready. Cunningham played just as far back as possible. At that he had to run as far as he could and then fall against the fence to make the catch.

That catch may not have had much effect on the final outcome of the series but it certainly had a great effect in lowering Ruth's morale. Incidentally, that is the longest fly ball I ever have seen caught.

CHAPTER XXXII

Science of managing a ball team—Hitting the weak spots
—Why base running is a lost art—The delayed steal.

THE science of managing a ball team, according to my way of thinking, is in picking the spots for attack. ✓ The idea that any field manager can outline a plan of attack against an entire team is erroneous. That would be impossible.

Like the captain of a football team the baseball manager quickly discovers the weak spots in the enemy's line-up. If he doesn't, then he is not much of a manager. Being aware of these spots the trick is in waiting for the exact moment to spring something that will double-cross the particular player and throw the opposition off its balance. ✓ It is not at all necessary to cross the whole opposing team. That would be out of the question, anyway.

All you need is to fool just one player—or maybe two. One such move will often throw a monkey wrench into the whole machinery of the opposition.

Take, for instance, the elaborate and concentrated efforts we made during the 1922 series to cross Babe Ruth. We knew that he had a weakness, because we had watched him for a long time. We also knew that he was in a slump and a little down-spirited as a result of being unable to hit during the last few games of the regular season.

Our purpose was to cross Ruth—to center on that—and thereby affect the morale of the whole Yank team. By succeeding in this their whole plan was disrupted. If they were not disrupted the Yanks were at least disturbed so much mentally that they were off balance. An important cog had broken.

Can you imagine what would have happened if Ruth had hit a home run his first time at bat? Can you realize what an effect that would have had on the morale of our team—also of the Yanks? I thought I understood. I was determined that it should not happen. We worked on that point hard.

A manager must take into consideration those psychological possibilities. Believe me, psychology plays an important part in baseball.

To illustrate the thoroughness of our efforts, aiming at that particular spot, Ruth did not get more than three balls during the entire series that he expected. Every one of our pitchers opposed him. If he looked for a slow one, invariably he would get something else. When he expected a fast one he would get a curve or a slow one. We had him completely at sea.

Another thing: Having observed the Yanks very closely, I had a pretty good idea of the runners who were headstrong and those who might be overcareful. We didn't miss it far. Of five players that I figured we might catch on that choke-off throw from the outfield to Bancroft, we caught three—Meusel, Pipp and Schang.

All of these plays came at critical stages. The choke-off play, as I have explained before, is a trick of

throwing the ball to the shortstop instead of to the plate when a single is made to the outfield with a runner on second and there is no chance to catch him. Ordinarily the batter, seeing this throw start in from the outfield, as if to go to the plate or third, will keep right on past first and make second. Our play was designed to choke these off. Bancroft catches the ball and, instead of throwing to the plate, tosses it to second. You all saw the play, very likely.

The point I make is that we expected to catch Schang, Meusel or Pipp on that play some time during the series as well as two others. The result shows that our aim at a certain spot had been accurate. On an overcareful player we would not have made the play. If, in that last game, for instance, Schang had held first instead of running on to second the final result might have been entirely different.

To give you another illustration: When Bugs Raymond, pitching for the Cardinals, was at the top of his form, he used to cause the Giants all kinds of trouble. That spitter of his was most difficult to hit. Don't make any mistake about Bugs being a great pitcher. He knew all the tricks.

We knew, though, that he did not keep in condition. When a man gets fat as a result of dissipation he quickly loses his wind—does not like to stoop for ground balls.

In one game that meant a great deal to us we found it utterly impossible to do anything against Raymond's pitching. Finally I spotted what I thought might be the weak spot to attack.

"Get up there," I said to the men on the bench, "and give him a little bunting practice. Don't try to hit it out."

The players liked the idea. Four or five batters in succession walked up and dumped the ball in front of the plate. Raymond almost fell on his face going for the first one. The next batter repeated. In a few minutes we had him puffing like a porpoise. We kept right on until we had the bases full and finally slapped in a couple of runs.

With Bugs all tired out and puffing we then started hitting again. In another inning they had to take him out of the box. By centering this attack on the weakness of Raymond we succeeded in upsetting the whole team. I might say that other teams did the same thing to us after Raymond became a member of the Giants. Being forewarned, however, we were able to yank him out in time. After that I spent most of my time trying to keep him in condition, with what result I have told in a previous chapter. We could keep him in some sort of shape for a month or two, but to do this all season was impossible.

In the 1905 season, by the way, we used a base-running play successfully that was aimed to double-cross the other fellows who thought they had solved our system.

I refer to the delayed steal, which Sammy Strang, especially, worked nearly every time he tried it. Of late that play has gone into disuse, but I believe it could be revived now if it were not for the lively ball. With this lively ball in play there is really little need to work

out base-running plays. There is as much chance of someone slamming the ball to the daisies as there is of getting away with a risky base-running play. That is why base running seems to be falling into decay.

The first time Sammy tried it for us he was playing far off first base. It looked as if he would start for second any minute and the pitcher kept shooting the ball over to first in an effort to catch him. Finally Sammy took a good long lead. Just as the pitcher stepped forward to throw to first Strang suddenly lurched the other way and ran to second. As a result the ball was thrown to first, far behind him. Before it could be relayed to second he slid under the baseman and was safe by several feet. We used that play often. At first the newspaper men thought that the runner had been caught napping. So did the fans. They laughed heartily at a runner getting away with a stolen base after having made a bonehead play. It was no bone at all, but a very smart play.

Then we doped out later a variation of that play when there were runners on first and third. Instead of making the usual attempt at a double steal, the runner would play far enough off first to be caught. He would then start for second. Nine times out of ten the confused first baseman, after taking the throw from the pitcher, would throw to second. If he did so the runner from third, already starting for home, could not be caught. You see, he would have three throws to beat instead of two. The ball would go from the pitcher to first, then to second and to home.

I am sorry that base running has fallen off as a result

of this lively ball. To me that was always one of the most fascinating features of baseball. The study of it really gave me my start in Baltimore. The perfection of base-running plays is what first made the Orioles famous.

While that 1905 team was a smart base-running outfit, I have had faster ones. The club of 1912 was fast as lightning.

CHAPTER XXXIII

The affidavit—Making a ball club—Getting back at the fans—Police protection in Cincinnati.

DURING those stirring days of 1905, when some sort of scrap was an ordinary event in every city, our strongest opponents were the Pittsburgh Pirates. All our efforts were aimed at them because they were the contenders for the pennant.

To this day the fans of Pittsburgh have a keen animosity to the Giants. That, I think, is a good thing for baseball. Sportsmanship and easy-going methods are all right, but it is the prospect of a hot fight that brings out the crowds. Personally I never could see this idea of taking a defeat philosophically. I hate to lose and I never feel myself beaten until the last man is out. I have tried to instill that same fighting spirit into all the teams I have managed.

I can appreciate the fine work of opposing players but, at the same time, I'm not much for that show of friendly feeling on the field. Off the field—yes. But once a team of mine is on the diamond I want it to fight. Namby-pamby methods don't get much in results.

Nothing ever gave our players more delight than to go back at fans and players who had started to give them a razz. I never tried to discourage them in this, either. A team that will fight back on an enemy diamond and before an enemy crowd is pretty well able

to take care of itself. The players gain confidence in themselves by maintaining this cocky spirit.

Fans always resent the fighting back of a visiting ball club and that usually leads to trouble. I never could see, though, why a ball player should be expected to take insults and razzing without retort just because he was in a city other than his own. While on the road we had hot arguments of this kind daily. Often the fans got so enraged that they would follow our carriages and hurl epithets—and other things—at us. All of this tended to make us a great drawing card on the road. Fans could rest assured that when the Giants arrived there would be action of some kind at the park.

This also furnished the newspaper men with a lot of material for sensational stories. That also helped. It's much better to be knocked and roasted than to be unnoticed.

To give you an idea how seriously some of these incidents were taken, we had a game in Pittsburgh one day that broke up in a forfeiture and an official protest. Ritchie, the Pirate second baseman, went into third on a play, and it looked as if he was easily out. Neither of the umpires would say one way or the other. I ran from one to the other trying to make him give a decision. The best I got was "Go and play ball."

I protested that I couldn't go on until I knew whether the runner was out or safe. As a result, the game ended right there, with me giving notice of an official protest.

Mr. Brush was with the team at the time. While he

pretended to deplore scraps, he really reveled in them. He was determined to fight out the protest. We were going to Chicago that night, so he wired ahead and engaged a notary public to take acknowledgments of affidavits. I guess we were the strongest affidavit-making club in the world. It seems to me that we used to go around swearing to official papers as a sort of routine. It was fun, too.

One of the party of New York newspaper men accompanying us had been a lawyer. He was promptly assigned to write out the affidavits in regular legal form and then have the players, manager, owner and other newspaper men swear to them. Of course, our evidence showed the umpires to be entirely wrong.

Arriving at Chicago we got a special room and spent the whole morning rounding up our affidavits. The newspaper-man-lawyer would write the paper something like this:

"Being duly sworn, John Jones deposed as follows, to wit:

"I am a resident of the City of New York and my occupation or profession is the playing of baseball for a team known as the New York Giants. My special occupation in the pursuit of said profession is the playing of a position known as second base and one requiring a certain amount of physical dexterity and mental acumen.

"On the 7th day of July, 1905, while engaged with the said Giants in a game of baseball with an opposing team known as the Pittsburgh Pirates, I was stationed at second base and was in position to see clearly a

certain play made at third base by one Ritchie, an opposing player, it being part of his professional skill to slide into the said third base, sack or cushion so as to avoid being touched with a baseball in the hands of one Arthur Devlin, known as a third baseman.

"Your deponent further saith, etc."

It gives me a laugh every time I think of the affidavits. Without questioning the player at all the utility lawyer would go into all that rigmarole. The player would be called in and sworn.

"Read that carefully and tell me if that is correct," the notary public, who didn't know what it was all about, would say.

"You're — right," the ball player would declare, and affix his name.

Of course, we didn't win the protest. We never did. In making protests I am sure our club had the smallest percentage of victories of any club in the world. But we kept on making affidavits, on the slightest provocation, at any time or any place. Finally it got to where Harry Pulliam, President of the League, would open one of these bulky packages.

"Oh, it's some more of those darned Giant affidavits," I have heard him say, and would promptly toss the whole bundle aside.

"All right," Mr. Brush would say, with a twinkle in his eye. "Now we've got that one over, we'd better get ready for another one in the next town."

"Say," he said to me one day, "don't you think we had better wire to the Chief of Police in Cincinnati and ask protection for our players?"

That was a good notion, I thought. So we called in the newspaper men, who were always eager for such fun. They promptly sent stories about the need of police protection. The Cincinnati officials wired back that a visiting club would certainly be protected.

The public couldn't understand what it was all about, but for fear something might happen and they would miss it, they filled the park. Mr. Brush had a very dry sense of humor and he used to chuckle over starting things like that. You understand, we had not really needed any protection.

There were times, though, that we did. On one trip to Philadelphia we really did have to call on the Superintendent of the Department of Correction—Police Commissioner—and ask that the players be protected.

The first official we saw intimated that we ought to stay off the main streets and go up the back ways to avoid trouble. He was against us.

The start of that trouble was an attack on our carriages outside the park in which Roger Bresnahan, riding with the driver, was hit on the head with a brick-bat and knocked to the ground.

Roger, who was a sort of detective in his home town, had piled up stones at his feet so as to be ready, but the fellow with the brick beat him to it.

CHAPTER XXXIV

**Greatest hit ever made—What actually happened the day
Merkle failed to touch second—Longest wallop on record.**

IN describing the greatest hit I ever saw it is necessary to determine what constitutes a great hit—its bearing on the result, or the mere force of the wallop. The several correspondents who have asked this question did not give a definition of what they considered a great or historic hit.

☞ To me the greatest hit is the most timely hit. That makes the answer comparatively easy. The single made by Al Bridwell in that famous game with the Cubs in 1908, when Merkle failed to touch second, stands out in my memory as the greatest.

That particular line drive won the pennant of 1908, though we did not get it. I have never weakened in my opinion that the awarding of that pennant to the Cubs on a technicality was unjust. Bridwell's hit really won the championship.

Very likely fans of to-day remember that famous incident clearly. There were two out at the time and Merkle was on first with Harry McCormick on third. Bridwell came to bat with the chance of winning a pennant staring him in the face.

Al was not the least disturbed by the importance of the moment. In fact, Bridwell was one of the gamest

players I ever knew. We all had a hunch that he was going to nail the ball, and sure enough he did. It was a clean line smack to center.

McCormick scored from third with the winning run, and then the trouble started.

While I am on the subject, even though I am a little ahead of my story, this is a good place to describe just what happened that afternoon—that day that still keeps an important spot in baseball history. Here is exactly what happened:

After Bridwell had hit the ball and McCormick had scored, everybody started running across the field. Always it had been customary to do this. Merkle, like all players before him, simply ran down toward second. Having shown that he could have reached the bag had he wanted to, he turned off and ran to the club house. He did not really touch the bag, though most of the players thought he did, at the time.

In a moment there was consternation. We saw Hoffman throw the ball in and make wild motions as if something was to happen at second base. It seemed that a similar play had been made by the Cubs a week or so before.

The ball went over toward third. Pitcher Kroh, a substitute, ran out and scrambled to get the ball. Joe McGinnity, who also had run out, grappled with Kroh. In the meantime the crowd was surging and milling about them and Johnny Evers was wildly waving his arms at second base.

Joe McGinnity finally got the ball away from Kroh and threw it into the left-field bleachers. That's why

I always have maintained that no play was made at second with the ball that had been hit.

To get a picture of this confusion you must bear in mind that thousands of fans were running all over the diamond. Nobody seemed to know what happened. Jack Hayden, playing the outfield for the Cubs, had run toward the club house, thinking the game over.

Finally Johnny Evers got the attention of Umpire Emslie, who was working on the bases that day. Hank O'Day was behind the bat.

Emslie walked away from Evers, shaking his head to indicate that he would not allow such a play. Evers followed him for a short distance and then all ran to O'Day, who had turned away from the plate, walking toward the stand, and was taking the extra balls out of his blouse.

Nobody ever knew what decision had been made.

The next morning, the excitement still being intense, several newspaper men went down to the old Hotel Ashland, where the umpires stopped in those days. The hotel is not there now.

One of the reporters asked O'Day to tell exactly what was his decision. He said the runner—Merkle—was out because it was necessary for him to touch second to prevent a forced play.

"But that would only leave the score tied," the newspaper man suggested. "Why didn't you order play resumed?"

"Why, why," said O'Day, hesitatingly, "I called the game on account of darkness."

I am giving this conversation on the authority of a sport writer, a good friend of mine, who was present.

I have been told that O'Day went to see Harry Pulliam, President of the League, and such an explanation was decided upon.

In any event, that decision cost us the pennant. We had a few more games to play, but that sort of took the heart out of the gang. It finally came down to a tie with even Pittsburgh having a chance. The game between the Cubs and Giants was ordered played over. In that game we lost.

Mathewson pitched for us in the play-off and Jack Pfeister started for the Cubs. We got to Jack very quickly, but Frank Chance was wise enough to yank him out just in time. He put in Mordecai Brown and the Cubs finally won out.

So, with all those exciting events following that single of Bridwell's, I regard that as the greatest hit I ever saw.

I have seen longer hits.

The longest hit I ever saw, and I feel pretty sure that it was the longest ever made, was a wallop by Babe Ruth in an exhibition game down in Tampa, Florida, off "Columbia" George Smith, who was pitching for the Giants.

I didn't believe it possible for a man to hit a baseball as far as that. He caught the ball squarely on the nose and it started like an ordinary long fly. Instead of coming down, though, it kept rising.

"My God," exclaimed one of the players, "where is that ball going?"

The drive cleared the field, a race track and then the fence. Interest in its length was greater than in the game itself. For the rest of the game that was all we talked about.

To be sure of its length a party of newspaper men and players went out and measured the distance accurately. That ball had traveled 587 feet. Mind you, that is just thirteen feet short of two hundred yards! Can you imagine such a drive?

That hit by Ruth would have cleared the bleachers and the center-field fence in the Polo Grounds. It was easily the longest hit I ever saw, or ever expect to see.

Often I am asked if any of the old-timers like Dan Brouthers or Ed Delehanty could hit a ball as hard as Ruth. My answer is "no." I don't think a man ever lived who could put such force behind a ball.

CHAPTER XXXV

What happens when a ball team grows old—Big trades—A new batch of famous youngsters.

THOUGH we lost the pennant in 1906 to the Cubs, I have never attributed that to a superiority of strength of the Chicago club. I do not wish to take any credit from Frank Chance, but our loss in that particular year was due to a series of accidents that practically put us out of the race. It was not until the following year that our team of 1905 and 1906 really began to disintegrate.

It was in 1907 that I discovered my players were growing old and beginning to slip. Always I have made it a point never to let a club grow old on me. A manager must start reconstruction quickly or several years will be required to bring a ball club back to pennant-winning form.

In 1906 we started off with a rush and it looked as if we had another championship in sight when suddenly bad luck fell on us with a crash. To begin with, Mathewson contracted diphtheria and had a tough time of it. In a game at Cincinnati, Mike Donlin broke his ankle while sliding into third. His foot caught against the bag and the force of his body driven against it snapped the bone.

Dan McGann then broke an arm and was laid up for a long time.

Roger Bresnahan was hit on the head and laid up in the hospital for several days.

In addition to these accidents several players contracted minor illnesses from time to time. As a result it was rare that we had our playing strength on the field. Even then we finished third.

That is why I do not give the Cubs of 1906 credit for being a better ball club than the Giants that year. It was easy to see, though, that the Chicago club was coming strong and would be our strongest rival. Chance threw a lot of fighting spirit into his team and he had the benefit of some very smart players, such as Evers and Tinker. He had a great catcher in Johnny Kling and a great pitcher in Mordecai Brown—"Three-Fingered Brown."

The bitter rivalry that had existed between the Giants and the Pirates immediately shifted to a war of wits between the Giants and the Cubs. Those were hot days—just as hot as we had gone through on the many visits to Pittsburgh.

Interest in the Chicago National League Club grew in rapid bounds. Up to that time the White Sox had the call in Chicago. It was a great thing for baseball, especially in the National League, to have strong rivalry between New York and Chicago, the big cities of the country.

The Board of Trade of Chicago got all steamed up over the prospect and organized a rooting club. They went to the park in a body and made it just as warm for the Giants as possible. We got right back at them on every occasion and excitement ran high. This feeling kept up right on through 1906, 1907 and 1908.

It was during the early stages of this rivalry—during the reorganization of my team for 1907—that I made some of the big trades that were discussed, and often criticized, all over the country. In many of these trades it was said that I made mistakes. I may have done so, but I don't think I made many. My principle always has been, if I need a particular player for a certain place, to go out and get him at any price.

They say that I have let many good players go. I have. But I have never yet discovered any plan by which a manager can get a crack player without giving up a good one in exchange. I may have a crack player who is not absolutely necessary to the machinery of my club. I will trade him in a minute if I see a chance to get the one man who completes the cogs for my machine.

Often the New York club has been accused of buying the pennant. Fans have wondered how it is that the Giants were able to get any player they went after while other teams could not do so. You will notice, however, that we never got a man without giving up something valuable in return.

I noticed in 1907 that several of my players were slipping. The first indication of that is in the legs. When I notice that an infielder or an outfielder has lost that quick spring in going for a ball—that spring of youth—I immediately begin looking for his successor. It would be stupid to wait until he has lost a lot of games for you.

So I stepped out and made a trade that at the time was a sensation. I wanted Al Bridwell of the Boston club. Bill Dahlen, one of the greatest defensive players

of all times, had begun to slow up. His legs were getting a little old. I had to have that hole filled and filled quickly. I also needed a man to take Dan McGann's place at first base, a man to fill in until I could develop several youngsters that looked promising.

I traded McGann, McGinnity, Bowerman, Dahlen, George Browne and Cecil Ferguson, the latter a young pitcher, to Boston for Al Bridwell and Fred Tenney. As I have said, the announcement of this deal caused a baseball sensation. To the public it appeared that I had practically traded all of my old 1905 club. They wondered why I wanted Tenney, who was then getting old and had been a manager of the Boston club.

Despite his age, Tenney had kept wonderful care of himself and knew the game. He was perfectly willing to work for me as a player, notwithstanding the fact that he had been a manager. I want to say right here, too, that Fred Tenney gave his whole heart and soul to the Giants. He was a big help.

During this period (1907-1908) I had luck in picking up several youngsters who began to show promise. They were still lacking in polish—not quite ready—but I could see they had the goods and I set about to nurse them along while the old-timers held down the jobs and showed them the way. A young ball player can gain much knowledge of baseball by simply sitting on the bench, going in occasionally as a substitute, and thus absorbing the finer points—the atmosphere of the big leagues.

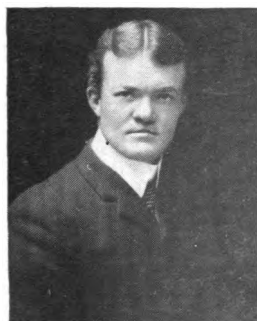
Among these youngsters were Herzog, Merkle, Gowdy and later Fletcher and Doyle.



JACK WARNER



GEORGE BROWNE



DUMMY TAYLOR



WM. H. KEELER

Gowdy came to us from the Dallas club of the Texas League, where he played first base. He was frequently around the hotel with us while we were playing exhibition games there Saturdays and Sundays. We trained at Marlin the rest of the week. He had a great throwing arm and could hit. Besides that, he loved baseball—always wanted to pick up new points by asking questions.

I bought Gowdy. Early in the training period, though, I saw that he was not a natural first baseman. He was not quick enough on his feet. I thereupon turned him into a catcher. Always I have been rather proud of his later success. You will remember that it was Gowdy's great catching and hitting that played such a prominent part in the World's Series when the Braves beat the Athletics four straight. Dick Rudolph, who also had been a Giant, worked in perfect harmony with Gowdy and they made a great battery.

I was soon to need a second baseman. It was evident that Gilbert was losing his speed. I tried Merkle in that position before he finally found his real place at first. It was Larry Doyle who came along in the latter part of the 1907 season and finally got the job.

Larry Doyle was one of the most popular men that ever played on my team. He is also one of the few players that I stuck in the game right off the reel. I might also say that he made the poorest showing for a start. That first day he was very nervous and made four or five errors. I saw it was necessary to keep him there, though, to restore his confidence. I did not guess wrong.

CHAPTER XXXVI

The check on personal habits of players—Best way to keep in condition—The pitcher who ate his way out of the League.

IN a very kind letter of suggestion Bill Lange, the old-time star player, asks me to discuss the discipline of to-day as compared with that of the old-time ball clubs.

There is very little to compare. As a general thing there really was no discipline or living regulations among ball players thirty years ago. In my early days it was purely a matter of personal desire and ambition. A player kept in condition in those days simply because he wanted to make good at his job and earn a living. He knew that if he didn't stay in condition he wouldn't last long. If he was a ball player at heart he looked after his own physical welfare. There were not so many ball players then. It was not so much a profession or business—more of an individual liking for the sport.

As the teams increased in number and the number of players on each team also increased, it gradually became necessary to have a sort of supervision over their personal habits. Nowadays if a player does not take care of himself he not only hurts his own chances but can interfere with the commercial progress—I might call it—of the organization. So they have to be watchful to a certain extent.

It is a rule on our club that players must be in bed by 11:30 o'clock at night and must not eat too heavily in the middle of the day. I have never believed in fixing an hour at which ball players should rise. In fact, I am in favor of them getting all the sleep possible. Most of my players stay in bed until 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning. It makes no difference to me.

If they sleep very late the chances are that they will eat a fairly good breakfast and will not eat any lunch at all. A ball player is usually much livelier on the field when he eats a very light lunch.

In the matter of drinking I have never had any rules. When it was possible to get beer and ale I never objected to the players having a glass or two in the evenings. In fact, I often have asked them to join me in a glass of beer.

It is bad to drink whisky, of course, but it is pretty difficult to stop a man from taking strong drink if he wants it. We have had some bad cases to handle, but we cannot fix any rule about it. All such incorrigible players have to be handled individually.

As to diet—certain kinds of food—I do not believe in it at all. There is a lot of difference in training for a ball game and for some particular athletic event. The ball player has to work at his job every day for six months and, consequently, must live regularly. A man who is to go into a prize fight or a running race, you see, can train for that particular occasion. Then it is over with. That is also true of football teams. But ball players must regulate their habits so as to live in a natural way, just like a man in any other business

or trade. It makes no difference to me what they eat so long as they keep in condition. Nature will make them want good, wholesome, substantial food.

While most of the players soon discover what is best for them, others never do. On one occasion Fred Toney, the pitcher, came pretty near putting himself out of the game for good by eating foolishly. He is a big fellow physically and not only requires considerable food, but likes to eat just for the mere pleasure of it.

We were in St. Louis that day and the temperature was 100 in the shade—one of those sweltering days for which St. Louis is famous in the hot months. Toney got up at 9:30 o'clock and ate some eggs and toast and coffee. That should have been enough for the day. At lunch time, though, he sat down to the table again and ate a heavy meal of calf's liver and bacon, dessert and coffee.

Several players warned him, but he merely laughed. That afternoon on the field he was overcome by the intense heat. For a moment he staggered and then collapsed, unconscious. He had to be taken to a hospital and was in a serious condition.

It is customary on ball clubs to allow the players so much a day for their meals and they may eat where they please, though we encourage them to eat at the hotel where we are stopping, as a rule. At the time I have in mind the allowance was one dollar a meal or three dollars a day. Raymond had been in his room—or somewhere—for three days and had not eaten. It was our last day in that city and he figured that he would have to use up all his allowance. So he went

down to the dining-room the last morning and ate a breakfast that cost him nine dollars! This breakfast was made up of every expensive dish that he could think of, even to a planked steak.

The opportunity for eating a lot of food at the hotels for the first time often makes such an appeal to young recruits that they literally eat themselves out of the league. I have known several cases of ball players failing to make good simply because they could not resist the temptation to eat a lot of food at the expense of the club. They have to be lectured frequently during the training period. A big, strapping kid, you know, wants to eat all the time, and he can't see why he shouldn't indulge himself.

All of the old-timers in baseball remember the big pitcher in baseball who could not read or write. I won't mention his name, because it might be considered unkind. This player could not read the menu cards and he tried to escape attention by listening closely to what the others ordered and then duplicating it.

Two of the regular players were seated with him one day and began to order. They went right down the list and he thought they were reading every item from the card. When they had finished the waiter handed him the long menu card, on which were listed a hundred dishes. The meals were à la carte.

In a wise way the poor fellow glanced over the card impressively.

"Bring me that and a cup of coffee," he said to the amazed waiter, handing him the card.

They tell of another young fellow named Whitley,

who came into the league and thought of nothing but food. On his first regular road trip in a big league city he sat at a table with a newspaper reporter in one of the best American plan hotels in the world.

He proceeded to order dishes for breakfast, just as he did at the little hotel in Texas, where anyone could eat everything on the bill without being overfed.

Finally the waiters appeared bearing huge trays of dishes covered with silver warmers. There was not enough room on the table for the one breakfast, let alone that of the newspaper man.

"Say," said Whitley, awed by the sight of all this wonderful food, "do they eat this way all the time in the big league?"

"Do they?" replied the reporter, keeping a serious face. "Just wait till we go to St. Louis and I'll show you a regular hotel."

"Gee!" exclaimed the young man, with a touch of anxiety in his voice, "I certainly hope I make good up here."

He didn't, though. In another month he had eaten himself out of the league and was back in the minors—where the menu cards were not quite so long or fulsome.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Interesting development of the game—1907-12, Philadelphia Athletics in first rank—The team that “stole” the pennant—Marquard and Mathewson do some explaining.

THE five years between 1907 and 1912, in many ways, was to my mind one of the most interesting and important periods in major league baseball. The American League had completely established itself as a permanent fixture in the history of the game and bitterness had begun to die away. Everybody realized that the two major leagues had proved a good thing for the game rather than a detriment. It enabled us to establish as a permanent classic the annual World's Series.

With this feeling came hard, constructive efforts to build up great teams. Each league was on its mettle. The public was being given the best that money and intelligence could provide. Appreciation of this was shown by an immediate growth in attendance all over the country. In other words, baseball had entered a new era. Since that time it has never lagged except, of course, during the World War.

An evidence of the importance of this era was the development of at least three great ball clubs—the Athletics, the Giants and the Cubs.

To this day those three teams are used as a basis for comparison in judging the strength of pennant

winners. There have been constant arguments as to the respective merits of those three clubs.

As I have said before, I think my 1905 team was the smartest of the clubs that I have handled. Though it was not so fast, it was much smarter than our clubs of 1911-12-13.

I have never regarded the Chicago club of 1906-7-8 as the greatest of ball clubs. It had determination and fighting spirit, and it had smartness, but it did not have the natural strength of the Athletics of 1911 or of the 1905 New York team.

Nobody appreciates the efforts of the famous Cubs more than myself, but in all frankness I must say that Chance's club was not so good as the Athletics of 1911—a team that lasted until Connie Mack finally broke it up, deliberately.

In that team Connie Mack had practically everything that is needed for a great club. There were no weak spots that one could indicate with certainty.

In the first place, it had wonderful pitching. Very few ball clubs were ever equipped with such pitchers as Bender, Plank and Coombs. All of these were thinking pitchers. In addition they had the goods physically. A club with a trio of such pitchers would be pretty hard to beat in a season or in a series any time.

I don't remember ever having seen a much better combination around second base than Eddie Collins and Jack Barry. Then, at third, there was Frank Baker. Stuffy McInnis came along soon and there was an infield pretty nearly perfect. All of these men could hit and all knew the tricks of the game in the field.

The Athletics had a punch at all times. Our pitchers realized that to their sorrow the first time we ran against them. On the other hand, our batters knew what they were up against when they had to face such pitchers as Plank, Coombs and Bender.

I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that the Athletics of that period were one of the greatest ball clubs of all times.

We had to face them for the World's Championship in 1911.

Going into that fight we had one of the fastest clubs that New York ever turned out, but it was not the smartest club by any means. We were just emerging from the period of completely rebuilding a team with younger blood.

We had made many trades and had dug up several youngsters since the stormy days of 1907 and 1908. Finally I got together this outfit and it won the pennant: Meyers, Merkle, Doyle, Fletcher, Herzog, Schaefer, Murray, Snodgrass, Devore, Mathewson, Marquard, Tesreau and Wiltse.

Mighty few ball clubs ever put together were faster than that combination. That, I think, was the greatest base-running club I ever saw. We stole so many bases—led the league so far in that respect—that we were jokingly referred to as having literally stolen the pennant. ✓

The players got the notion that they could steal on anybody, and that belief was so strong that they went out and did it. On one trip West we arrived in Chicago with a club in rags and tatters—had to telegraph for

new uniforms—nearly every man on the club had slid the seat out of his uniform pants. We had patched and patched until the principal feature of our pants was safety pins. Josh Devore's clothes barely hung on him and Doyle's and Merkle's, Murray's and Herzog's, were almost as bad. Hitting the dirt repeatedly day after day puts the average uniform to quite a test. This telegram of ours for new pants created a lot of amusement at the time.

In the first game in Chicago Josh Devore slid so completely out of his patched-up breeches that a cordon of players had to form around him and escort him off the field.

Toward the end of the season our club was all worn out physically and mentally. The strain had been too hard and they were overtrained—stale. That was an abstemious club. We had no difficulty about rules of conduct.

That is one time that I favored the use of ale or beer. The players were going around with a haggard look in their eyes and heavy lines in their faces. Someone suggested that the gang would like to see Wilbert Robinson, who had been with us in the training period. His jovial smile was always a good tonic for the players. We telegraphed for him to join us. He was in business in Baltimore at the time.

Robbie showed up the next day. After looking the players over he asked them: "Who's dead around here? What's the matter?"

With a few slaps on the back he rounded the young fellows up and put new spirit in them. He took Chief

Meyers, Rube Marquard and others off that night and made them take a few glasses of ale. The pennant fight was forgotten and they laughed over spring training jokes. The psychological effect was wonderful. In a little while the young fellows relaxed and became natural again. They spurted right ahead and won out.

Our club was pretty well worn out and shot to pieces when we faced the Athletics in the World's Series in 1911. I do not give that as a reason for our defeat, but it was a contributing cause. The main cause of our losing that series was the wonderful hitting and pitching of the Athletics.

In that series we had two games broken up by Home Run Baker, if you will remember. Incidentally, both of these famous home runs were made off pitches that had been delivered against orders. Marquard and Mathewson both pitched to Baker contrary to my instructions. I do not mean to say that we should have won the world's pennant if that had not happened, but we certainly should have had a better chance.

I had instructed Marquard not to pitch a high, fast ball to Baker, but he forgot. He put one just in that spot and Baker "whammed" it into the stands. Strangely enough, Mathewson, who rarely forgot anything in his life, did exactly the same thing when he pitched. After maneuvering around awhile he handed Baker a high, fast one in an effort to cross him. Again Baker slammed it into the stands.

An amusing feature of those incidents was the articles in the papers by Marquard and Mathewson.

Both were writing signed stories on the series. Matty told how Marquard had pitched the wrong ball to Baker. When Marquard came out in his article he agreed that Matty knew what he was talking about because he pitched the same thing. The players and the fans had a good laugh out of that. For the first time we discovered that Marquard had a sense of humor.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Greatest of all ball players—The longest throw on record.

MANY of the old-time players and fans who have been kind enough to suggest subjects for chapters in these memoirs have asked: "Whom do you regard as the greatest ball player that ever lived?"

The answer is John P. (Honus) Wagner. ✓

That is the easiest question I have had to answer. In my mind there is no doubt about Hans Wagner topping them all, past or present. I believe that ninety-nine out of every hundred baseball men, if asked that question, would make the same reply.

Of course, I realize the greatness of Ty Cobb, of Roger Hornsby and George Sisler, Tris Speaker and Willie Keeler. Not one of them, though, can show the many qualities or the combination of many qualities ~ possessed by Wagner.

Generally the dispute or argument is over a comparison of Ty Cobb and Wagner. Remember, to begin with, that Cobb is an outfielder. On the other hand, remember that Wagner was not only a great outfielder and hitter but was also the marvel of his day in the infield. He could play any position in the infield and play it well—better, perhaps, than anybody else. Though I never knew of his trying, I believe he could have pitched a good game. As a catcher, he would also have been great. Wagner had one of the greatest

throwing arms ever known to baseball. The size of his immense hands made it almost impossible for a ball to get away from him once it got within reach.

So uniformly good was Wagner as a player that it is almost impossible to determine whether his highest point of superiority was in his fielding, in his batting or in his base running. He was a topnotcher in all.

In addition to his natural ability to do most everything better than most players could do mechanically he had what might be called a sixth sense of baseball. He loved the game, often played it for pure amusement. He thought in terms of baseball and had an uncanny faculty of being able to think where the batter would hit a certain kind of ball. Instantly he would be on top of it and get his man. Instinctively he knew how the different batters hit, and remembered. It came perfectly natural to him to move in either direction, according to whether the pitcher was throwing a curve or a fast ball. In completing double plays he never had an equal.

It was rare that Wagner made a bad throw to first, and he could throw from most any position. On the field he seemed awkward as he spread himself, but every muscle in his body worked in perfect coördination.

An instance of his love for the game: One day several of us were walking about the park near the Schenley Hotel, in Pittsburgh. At that time we stopped out there so as to be near the park. We still do, for that matter.

A crowd of boys had started a game down in a



JOHN P. (HONUS) WAGNER
"The Greatest of All Ball Players"

vacant lot. A big, bulky fellow stopped to look them over. He got very much interested and asked to get in the game. They let him go to bat. With two on bases he hit a hard wallop for his side. Then the boys discovered who he was.

"Isn't that old Honus down there?" someone in our party asked.

Sure enough it was. Not satisfied with having played a hard game against the Giants, he had gone into that kid game and was playing his head off. When the little fellows discovered his identity they insisted on his signing his name to the ball he had hit. The demand was so great that Hans had to get some more balls the next day and present them to the youngsters.

Wagner started out in the big leagues with the Louisville club when the National was a twelve-club organization. At that time I was in Baltimore. Very few of the modern-day fans know that Wagner was a great outfielder. Also that he was a great first baseman. At other times he played as an all around man.

The Louisville players were taken to Pittsburgh by Barney Dreyfuss when the league was cut down to eight teams, and Wagner went along as an outfielder. Later he was shifted to short, and it is in that position that most fans remember him. Anyone seeing Wagner play short could never forget him.

Hans played the outfield just as well as he did short, but it was much harder to get a good infielder than an outfielder. That is why I say an outfielder, no matter how great, cannot be compared to Wagner. He had other qualifications just as great.

It may be surprising to modern-day fans to know that for a long time Wagner also held the world's unofficial record for making the longest throw. While playing first base for Louisville, Wagner took part in a benefit game in October, 1898. As a curtain raiser to this game there was a field contest in throwing and running. Wagner made a throw of 134 yards, 1 foot and 8 inches. On account of the unofficial nature of the judging, this record was not recognized in the books, but he made it just the same. That throw broke the record made by Hatfield, of the Mutuals, exactly twenty-six years before to the day. Hatfield's throw was 133 yards, 1 foot, 7½ inches.

If you can visualize the length of that throw you can appreciate what a heave it was. Roughly speaking, it was about from the center-field fence at the Polo Grounds to the plate.

Records do not tell the story of Wagner. They merely help. It was his wonderful personality, his sixth baseball sense, his actions on the field. These things cannot be expressed in figures.

I have before me Wagner's batting record from the time he began in 1897 up to 1910. In those thirteen years he had a batting average of .348. He didn't stop there by any means. After that, though, he gradually began to slow up. In 1900 he had his toughest rivalry. To lead the National League in hitting he had to top an average of .378 by Elmer Flick and .366 by Willie Keeler. He did so by hitting .380.

Hans Wagner was also blessed with that peculiar thing which for a better name we call personality.

There was something magnetic about him. He was just as popular in one city as another. Even in the smaller leagues his name was a byword. He was a great drawing card. Whether the home team won or lost, the fans wanted to see Wagner.

There are so many instances of his greatness that I could mention, space prohibits my going into them. It so happens that I have with me a clipping from a sport column edited by a young man named Wright out in Omaha. It is a good illustration of what everybody thought. He says in part:

"I've just seen the world's greatest ball player—and that goes as it lays—Hans Wagner. . . . I saw Wagner at his best, playing against Chicago. To win meant to clinch first place. . . . In the first, with one Cub out and men on first and second, Hoffman hit the ball a mile a minute over second, seemingly for a hit. With a ten-foot leap, crouching close to the ground, he tore across the diamond and fairly hurled himself on the ball as it was passing. With one movement, seemingly, he tossed the ball to second, where Miller received it and whipped it to first, turning back Hoffman and completing as dazzling a double play as ever I saw."

Mr. Wright points out that Wagner's great hands made it possible for him to do things with the ball that were impossible for most men. And he was correct.

Yes, Wagner was the greatest of all players. I intend to put him on my All-American Champion team for all time, which I will present in a later chapter.

CHAPTER XXXIX

Has the lively ball taken the pep out of the national game?
—Base running a lost art.

WHILE I have a keen regard and admiration for my pennant-winning and world's championship club of 1921 and 1922, I can not truthfully say that it has ever given me the thrill and the glow that I used to get out of my speed marvels of 1911, the club that was beaten by the Athletics.

I do not mean to say that the 1911 outfit, which practically stole their way into the pennant along the base lines, was a more powerful team than the one of 1922. I simply have a great love for it largely because of its speed on the bases and also because I developed nearly every man on that team. They were what you might call hand-raised. Other clubs I have built up by trades and shifts, by using what ability I may have at organization. Those 1911 boys, though, were my own.

On that old championship team were Herzog, Fletcher, Doyle and Merkle in the infield; in the outfield were Murray, Devore and Snodgrass—all speedsters. Now think of this: That gang stole 347 bases! And the batting average of the team was but .279. The 1921 club had a team batting average of .298, but stole only 137 bases.

Over in the American League that same year (1921) the Washington team led in base running with a total of 111.

It is not difficult, therefore, to understand why I cherish that old club. All my baseball life I have doted on base running.

Nobody regrets the decline in base running more than I do. But with the lively ball being hit all about the lot the necessity of taking chances on the bases has decreased. A manager would be foolish not to play the game as it is, meet the new situation with new tactics.

One who jumps at conclusions would say right off the reel that a club averaging .298 ought to steal more bases than one batting .279. On the face of things that would be obvious, because more men got on bases. But it is not true at all.

The answer lies in the extraordinary number of long hits. Obviously a man cannot steal second when he hits a two-base hit. Also he has less chance of stealing third when there are so many triples. Again, there is no use in sending men down on a long chance of stealing a bag when there is a better chance of the batter hitting the ball for two bases, or, maybe, out of the lot. The lively ball is responsible for all that.

I do not like the lively ball. I think the game far more interesting when the art of making scores lies in scientific work on the bases. Moreover, I am inclined to believe that the public does not like the lively ball all the time. I say this in full knowledge of the attendance figures, which have steadily grown. I think they would

have grown anyway. It is true that the spectator likes to see home runs hit, but there are times when he gets weary of it.

In one game at Chicago we got hold of a lively ball last year (1922) and made so many runs in one inning that a big percentage of the crowd walked out of the park.

6 An odd thing about this lively ball is that no manager that I ever heard of was ever consulted as to the advisability of using it. The manufacturers insist that the balls are made just the same as before: that there was no intention of making the ball livelier. Nevertheless, it is livelier. To make certain all you have to do is watch a hard-hit ball to the infield. Often the ball goes so fast as to shoot past the infielder before he has a chance. This idea of a lively ball is not new. Away back in the early eighties the matter was discussed. They even went so far as to have some lively balls made and run into the games. They were so lively that often the ball would hit the ground and bound high over the infielder's head—sometimes as high as twenty feet. The ball was so unsatisfactory that the idea of a change was dropped.

In the brotherhood year the lively ball was tried again. I remember we got hold of one of them in an exhibition game in Knoxville, Tenn. The opposition ran the ball in on us. It so happened that they popped up a few and we got a crack at it. We knocked it all over the lot.

I think it would be a good plan to have a standard ball and have it tested according to official weights and

measures at Washington. I should think it very simple to test the liveliness of the ball by measuring the rebound of several of them dropped from the same distance on a concrete floor. With such a test it would be possible for every ball to be practically the same. At any rate the players would know what they had to deal with.

There are other elements, though, that have added to the great increase in hitting. The pitchers are now forbidden to rub the surface of the ball or discolor it in any way. If you will remember, in the old days, there was a great shout from the players and from the public when a new ball was thrown into play.

"Now we'll get a bust at that old shining rock" used to be a common saying. It was accepted as a truth that the batter had a much better chance at a smooth white ball than at a roughened and discolored one.

When a new ball was thrown out the pitcher immediately began rubbing it in the dirt so as to get a better grip on it. Also he rubbed it on his clothing. That is not allowed now. As a result the new ball frequently slips and does not take the bends and twists intended by a pitcher.

In addition to these handicaps on the pitcher there are many more balls used in a game than in the past. The umpires will throw out most any ball objected to by a pitcher.

Over in the American League this willingness of the umpires to throw out a ball started with the sad accident in which Ray Chapman was killed by a ball pitched by Carl Mays. I am told that someone had objected to

the ball that day, but that the umpire did not see fit to throw it out.

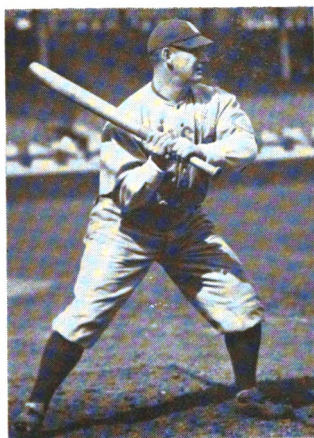
Instead of going as intended, the ball "sailed" and Chapman was hit. Since then the umpires take no chances. In a way one can not blame them.

According to some of the manufacturers, the liveliness of the ball may be due to a better grade of material. They say, though, that the same amount of yarn and the same core is still used.

All of these restrictions on the pitcher and the additional liveliness of the ball have increased the effectiveness of the batter and, therefore, have decreased the necessity for the development of base running as a high art. In the old days the steal of second base or the taking of an extra base on a short hit often meant the one run needed to win. With the batters able to smack the ball almost at will, what is the use of running the risk of having men thrown out on daring chances? They might better stand still and score on a long hit.

If base running was as necessary as it was in 1911, 1912 and 1913, when we had such a fast team, I am not at all sure that my present team could not go out and steal a lot of bases. They do it, though, by hitting while the others did it by stealing.

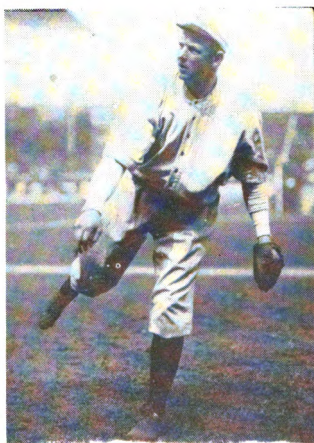
The great loss to me, after all, is the thrill that I got out of seeing men shoot down the base paths, one after another, until they had stolen their way to a win. That was baseball—the kind of baseball that I learned to love when I got my first job.



ROGER BRESNAHAN



AMOS RUSIE



CHRISTY MATHEWSON

THE BEST BASEBALL TEAM IN THE WORLD
MCGRAW'S PICK OF PLAYERS IN BOTH NATIONAL AND AMERICAN
LEAGUES, COVERING THE STARS OF THIRTY YEARS

(Other illustrations of players in this team facing
pages 216, 220, and 224)

CHAPTER XL

The All-American team of thirty years—What McGraw thinks would be the greatest ball club in the world—and why.

SINCE it became known that I was to write my *Thirty Years in Baseball*, I have received numerous requests to name the teams that, in my opinion, would be the best of all times—first, the All-American group, including the star players of thirty years, the one great championship team of all; second, the All-National League team; third, the All-American League team.

I find myself facing a proposition that is more delicate than difficult. I intend to be perfectly frank, though, and say just what I think. Of course I must base my opinion on players that I have played with or against and that I have seen personally. In thirty years or more I have come pretty close to seeing them all, I think.

Always I have been a close observer of my rivals. In fact, I attribute what success I may have had to studying the opposition and trying never to underrate the strength of a team as a group and as individuals.

Though I have no hesitation in making my choices, I fully appreciate the differences of opinion that will arise, even among my own friends and associates. I am inclined to believe, however, that most of the baseball men who have been in the game as long as myself will

come pretty near agreeing with me. In several instances I find the strength of players so nearly even that I have tried to make my choice fair by using one as a regular and the other as a substitute on the same team.

I hope those interested will bear in mind that I have taken personality, team spirit and morale of the players into consideration along with their official batting and fielding averages. There are many truly great players who never stood out boldly in the record books. Naturally, I have discarded all players who at any time were found guilty of dishonesty. No matter how much mechanical ability a man may have had, the fact that he was dishonest would make him useless to a team.

Always I have been interested in reading the selections of other baseball men, who speak with a certain amount of authority and knowledge, but this is the first time I have ever picked an All-American team, covering the stars of thirty years. I am mindful of the discussions that will probably arise and I wish I could hear them.

This, I think, would make about the best ball club in the world:

THE ALL-AMERICAN TEAM

✓ Catchers—Buck Ewing and Roger Bresnahan.

Pitchers—Christy Mathewson, John McMahon, John Clarkson, Amos Rusie, Walter Johnson, Addie Joss, Rube Waddell.

First base—George Sisler.

Second base—Eddie Collins.

Shortstop—Honus Wagner.

Third base—Jimmy Collins.

Substitute infielder—Napoleon Lajoie.

Left field—Hugh Duffy.

Center field—Ty Cobb.

Right field—Willie Keeler.

Substitute outfielder—Joe Kelley.

In making these selections I have taken into careful consideration smartness, which includes quickness of thought and action, general physical and mental caliber. Also I have made aggressiveness a necessary qualification. Very likely there will be surprise at some of the famous men that I have left out. Explanation of that may come out in succeeding chapters.

I will now give my reasons for selecting each member of this great team.

Buck Ewing for general all around excellence as a backstop never had an equal. He was smart and aggressive. He came as near to being a catcher without a single weakness as the game has ever known. In fact, Buck Ewing was a Ty Cobb behind the bat. He had a mental capacity equal to his playing ability. Ewing could handle a team perfectly. He was compelled to do that with the old-time Giants, because Jim Mutrie, the nominal manager, was more of a business man than a team director. Mutrie frequently sat on the players' bench and always wore a plug hat. That in itself is indicative of his mental attitude as a field director or leader of men.

While Ewing was not a speed marvel on the bases he was one of the most successful base stealers of his time

He had an uncanny knack of getting the jump on the pitchers. No player ever studied a rival pitcher's delivery closer and was so quick to take advantage of the slightest false move. As a thrower Buck excelled. He got the ball away from him with a quick round arm snap, no time being wasted. Buck threw what is known as a very "heavy" ball, one that dropped in the baseman's hand like a lump of lead. Ewing had so much confidence in his throwing that I have seen him deliberately roll the ball away from him just to tempt the base runner into a steal. He was a hard hitter as well as a scientific place hitter.

Roger Bresnahan was a close second to Ewing in all that goes to make a great catcher. Already I have gone into the details of his greatness. As you all know, I developed Bresnahan into a catcher from a pitcher. One day, when we were shy of catchers and trying to get one, he came to me and said: "You don't have to get another catcher. I will go behind the bat myself." He did and his subsequent career is baseball history.

Bresnahan is perhaps the only catcher who ever acted as lead-off man in the batting order. Also he could play any position on a ball club and play it well.

Bresnahan was possessed of as much catching brains as any man I ever saw, not excepting my old pal Wilbert Robinson. Roger seemed to do everything right by intuition. It was never necessary to tell him anything twice.

It will be remembered that in the World's Series of 1905 I put Roger behind the bat in every one of the five games. We beat the Athletics four of the five.

That is what I thought of his ability as a catcher and of his headwork.

There is no doubt in my mind as to George Sisler being the greatest first baseman of all time. He has so many good qualities that it is difficult to center attention on his hitting, his fielding or his base running. It should be remembered also that Sisler is an excellent pitcher.

Sisler is a small man as compared with many of the great first basemen. Overcoming that lack of stature is in itself a mark of great ability. Most of the other famous first basemen were big men—managers selected them that way—such as Dan Brouthers, Roger Conner, "Cap" Anson, Charley Comiskey.

Sisler has proved that the old idea of big men being necessary was a fallacy. Think of it—the shortest man who ever played the bag tops them all as a fielder and as a batter; George Sisler is one of the marvels of baseball. If he has a weakness nobody, so far as I know, has ever located it.

In the next chapter I will discuss the other great infielders of all time and explain why I have selected them, and then proceed with the outfielders.

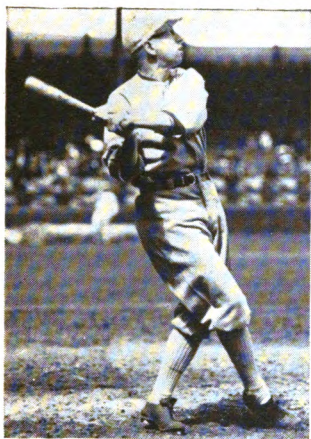
CHAPTER XLI

'Analyzing the players on McGraw's All-American team of all time—Infielders and outfielders who contributed innovations to the sport.

I DOUBT if anybody will dispute my selection of Eddie Collins as the greatest second baseman of all time and, therefore, entitled to a place on the All-American Team of All Time. At any rate, there is no doubt in my mind about it. In picking him I have been fully mindful of the greatness of such men as Napoleon Lajoie. It's pretty hard to select any team and leave Lajoie off. Still, Eddie Collins, in my opinion, is entitled to the honor.

There is nothing that Collins does not know about playing that important position. The Giants played against Eddie in several world's championship games in which we were defeated. I have been a stanch admirer of that young man's ability ever since. I saw him make his first play and, as a pivot man on a double play, I don't remember ever having seen his equal. As an all around man he is superb. Not only does he play the game, but he thinks it. Rare are the occasions when Collins does not anticipate the play. To cross him is almost impossible. And he is just as forceful on the offensive as on the defensive. His mental attitude is an inspiration to his fellow players.

In the selection of a shortstop there is no going



EDDIE COLLINS



NAP LAJOIE



JIMMY COLLINS



HUGH DUFFY

behind the returns. I doubt if there is a baseball man in the United States who would not select Hans Wagner for shortstop for any team, no matter how great, without a moment's hesitation. I have never heard of anybody pointing to a man as the possible peer of Wagner. He stands out above all. In these memoirs I have already devoted a chapter to showing that I think Hans Wagner the greatest ball player that ever lived, regardless of position.

If Wagner had any weakness as a batter we never discovered it. On occasions he would strike out on an outcurve. The next time up he was likely to hit the same kind of curve out of the lot.

Wagner had a faculty of hitting bad balls as well as good ones. He would make up his mind to hit, and hit he would, regardless of what the pitcher gave him. He always stood in the far corner of the box and would run into the ball, swinging with a deadly accuracy. On the defensive, Wagner could throw from any position, and he had a pair of hands that never failed him. It was a common saying among ball players that Wagner never made a wild peg in his life.

Hans Wagner will go down in baseball history as the greatest of all time. I believe that he could have played several more years than he did.

There have been many great third basemen, and I have had several on my teams, but in my mind there is no question that the honor of the All-American third baseman of all time should go to Jimmy Collins. Incidentally, Jimmy Collins and Eddie Collins are not related.

I select Jimmy for his general excellence as a fielder, a hitter and a man. He was a great fellow on and off the field and a credit to baseball. Jimmy Collins was particularly adept at going for bunts. The art of bunting had just come into being when Collins began playing third base and he was one of the first to solve this style of play. I remember very well a game in which we had the opposing third baseman standing on his head trying to handle these tantalizing little jabs. Collins was playing the outfield. He was called in. In a few innings, it seemed, he had completely blocked our efforts.

Jimmy Collins was an originator, the real pioneer of the modern style of playing third base. He is clearly entitled to the All-America honor.

In the outfield I have selected Hugh Duffy, of the old Boston Champions, as the All-America left fielder. Fans of to-day do not remember Duffy quite so well as the younger men, but they should. Not only was he a marvelous fielder but he was one of the hardest hitters the game has ever known. Duffy is not a large man but, my, how he could sting that ball! In Boston old fans still relate some of his picturesque catches in the outfield.

Duffy first played center field for the Bostons. After they won the championship in 1897 and 1898, though, he was shifted to left field and played there to the end of his career. Duffy is one of the few men to hit as high as .400. He also was a great base runner and had team spirit.

Ty Cobb is outstanding as a center fielder, a base

runner and a batter. There is little use in my going into details about him. Everybody has seen Ty Cobb and knows his ability. The mere fact that he led the American League so many years in succession and is still a premier with the bat is sufficient. His aggressiveness is even a greater factor. There have been many ball players who could play the outfield as well as Cobb, but none of them had his combination of speed, aggressiveness and quick thinking.

I doubt if anybody will dispute Ty Cobb's claim to the honor as the All-American center fielder of all time.

For many years I have selected Willie Keeler for right field. Poor Willie died on New Year's Day, 1923, after a long illness—heart trouble. When he passed out one of the greatest lights that ever shone in baseball was dimmed. I played on the same team with Keeler, the Orioles, and I knew him like a book, knew his ability in every department of the game.

At bat Keeler and myself were a team that helped to win many a pennant. I led off and he followed. If I may be permitted to say so, Keeler and I practically revolutionized the style of hitting to advance the runner, a form of attack that had never been given much attention up to 1894. In previous chapters I have discussed Keeler at length, giving many instances of his greatness. Space will not permit repetition here.

As a hitter, as a fielder and as a base runner I have no hesitation in naming Willie Keeler as the greatest right fielder of all time—God rest his soul!

It has been very hard to leave Joe Kelley off that regular outfield. In recognition of his greatness and

to do him justice I have placed him on my All-American team as the extra outfielder.

From my personal association with Kelley on the old Orioles and from my daily observation of his work, I am strongly convinced that Joe in his day was as good a man for the position as any of those who preceded him or followed him. In considering this matter I have gone over all the great ones, including such men as George Burns, Jimmy McAleer, and many others. Some of them were weak in certain spots, like hitting or base running. Joe had no prominent weakness. He was fast on the bases, could hit the ball hard and was as graceful an outfielder as one would care to see. He covered an immense amount of ground and had that necessary faculty, so prominent in Speaker and others, of being able to place himself where the batter would be likely to hit the ball.

Joe Kelley was a great ball player. I wouldn't be satisfied if I didn't have him on my all-star team.

I have a hunch that some old friends—maybe some old strangers—will write in and ask me to explain why I left certain men off my team. It is enough to explain my selections. It would be impossible to discuss those left off.

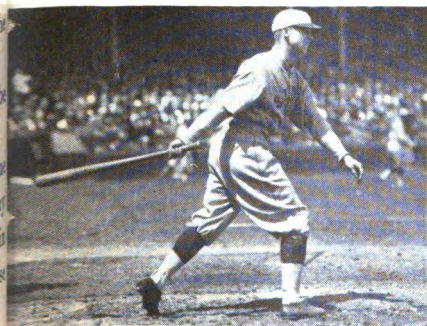
In the next chapter I will explain my selections of pitchers.



RUBE WADDELL



ADDIE JOSS



GEORGE SISLER



HANS WAGNER

CHAPTER XLII

The Hall of Fame pitchers—Devore's experience with Walter Johnson's "smoke"—Rube Waddell's hands.

I HAVE selected Christy Mathewson to top my staff of pitchers for the Grand All-American Team of all time. I am inclined to believe that ninety-nine baseball men out of every hundred will agree with me.

There has never been a pitcher like Mathewson in the past and I do not expect to see another like him for the next quarter of a century. Men who combine all the coördinated qualities that he possessed are not born often. And there are few men who have the trend of mind that will develop these unusual qualities that are given by birth.

It was my fortune to be Mathewson's manager during the years of his greatness, and I was in a better position to observe his development, perhaps, than any other man. To my mind, Matty's reputation will live as long as baseball lives.

In addition to physical ability, Mathewson had the perfect temperament for a great ball player. Always he sought to learn something new, and he never forgot what he had learned in the past. He had everything—strength, intelligence, courage and willingness.

Early in his career Matty saw the necessity for control and change of pace. Then he originated the fade-away curve and other deliveries that were equally

puzzling and effective. To his ability I give a large share of the credit for my success with the Giants, especially in the earlier days. Mathewson's record is so well known that I need not go into details.

John McMahon—"Sadie," he was nicknamed—was with me on the old Baltimore Orioles. We had a great string of victories to our credit and to McMahon is due a large share of the credit. He was one of the gamest boxmen that I ever knew. He had practically everything that a good pitcher needs, but his one great quality was nerve. In the most critical moments he was as cool as a cucumber. The harder the fight the more effective he grew. I never knew him to weaken.

John Clarkson, the third pitcher of my All-American staff, was with the Chicago club for years under "Cap" Anson. Clarkson was easily the most brilliant pitcher of his day. There is no doubt in my mind about his right to a place on the list.

Amos Rusie, the Hoosier Cyclone, as he was called, was the best pitcher the Giants ever had up to the time of Mathewson. His tremendous speed accounts for the nickname of Hoosier Cyclone. He came from Indiana. While great speed is usually associated with a "fast ball" rather than with a curve, Rusie's particular greatness was the great force he could put behind the curve. Even with the count two and three Rusie would not hesitate to shoot a curve over the plate with the speed of a bullet. Later he developed a slow ball, and this proved a perfect foil for the "smoke" he could use if necessary. Owing to trouble that arose between the Hoosier Cyclone and Andrew Freedman, owner of

the Giants at that time, this great speed artist's engagement with New York was curtailed. His one year's absence from baseball proved very injurious to Rusie's rare effectiveness and he soon retired from the game. Amos is now employed at the Polo Grounds in New York. As I have mentioned before, it was the work of Rusie and Jouett Meekin that beat the Orioles in the first Temple Cup Series. They pitched all the games. What's more, they pitched all the games the last month of the season.

Walter Johnson of the Washington Club is a pitching star whose reputation for speed challenges that of Rusie. It is to be regretted that Johnson never had the good fortune to be on a championship club. His fame would have been greatly enhanced. There have been few greater pitchers in all the history of baseball than Walter Johnson. I shall never forget when we went to Washington to play an exhibition game with the Senators, and Josh Devore, for the first time, saw the great Johnson. There had been much talk among the players as to whether Walter really had so much smoke or if it was just fan talk.

Devore, a whimsical little fellow, walked up to the bat and set himself. Immediately Johnson whizzed one by him so fast that he didn't even see the ball. He looked around sort of dazed, and as he did so Johnson whipped over another. By this time Devore was staring in wonder. Then Johnson popped one into the catcher's hands so quickly that Devore didn't get a chance to draw back his bat.

"Say," he said, coming back to the bench, shaking

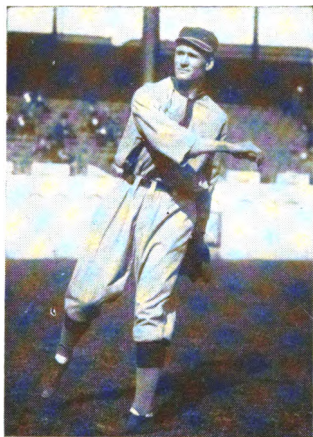
his head, "you know, that's so what them fellows've been saying about that guy. He's got it."

In addition to his smoke ball Johnson had a wonderful curve. Also he knew how to pitch. He belongs on any All-American team.

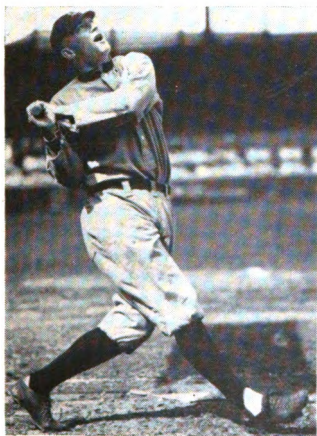
Addie Joss was another of the star pitchers of the American League along with Johnson. He was what ball players knew as a thinking pitcher. Joss was very tall and had such an easy motion that he could keep the ball on top of the batter all the time without the latter realizing that he was being fooled. Against Joss the ordinary batter was always on the defensive instead of the offensive. He knew the weaknesses of his opponents and played them as a cat would a mouse. Addie Joss was indeed a great pitcher. He was one of the best-loved men in the game. Sadly enough, he died while still quite young.

Rube Waddell was, perhaps, the most picturesque of all pitchers, as I have pointed out by incidents in previous chapters. He was nothing more nor less than a southpaw freak. Nobody ever knew exactly the mental process that enabled Waddell to think so clearly and quickly on the field and then do such nonsensical and freakish things off the field. There was never another like him. I am inclined to believe there never will be. The nearest to him in mental characteristics was Bugs Raymond, though they were in no way alike in pitching.

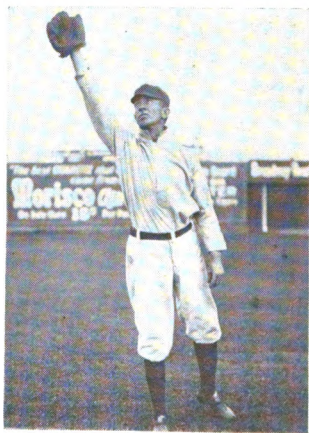
Waddell had such tremendous speed and such puzzling deliveries, coming always as a surprise, that he was practically unbeatable. When in good physical



WALTER JOHNSON



TY COBB



WILLIE KEELER

condition Waddell always had the game in the palm of his hand. Incidentally that was a most remarkable hand. Rube's left hand was so large that he could completely hide a billiard ball in it. He was one of the few men who could make their fingers meet around a baseball. That gave him his tremendous speed. A baseball to him was like a billiard or pool ball to the average pitcher. By being able to completely encircle the ball with his fingers Waddell could put any kind of twist on it that he desired.

In a previous chapter I have mentioned Waddell's eccentricities. One that will always live in the memories of the fans was his trick of calling in all the outfield and infield, with the exception of the first baseman. Then he would wind up the side by striking out the batters or making them bounce the ball to him. He did that in several exhibition games, very much to the delight of the fans and to the satisfaction of his own sense of humor.

While Waddell was eccentric—did many crazy things—don't get the impression that he didn't know what he was doing when in the pitcher's box. No All-American team would be complete without Rube.

This completes my selections for the one great team of all time. In the succeeding chapters I will present my selections of the All-American League and All-National League teams.

CHAPTER XLIII

McGraw picks the All-National League team of thirty years—The first “floater” pitcher—Delehanty’s record—Four home runs in one game.

It will be noticed that my selection of players to make up a team of All-National League stars of the past thirty years includes most of those on my grand All-American team of all times. The reason for that is obvious. Most of the great players of the past had to play in the National League at some time or other because it was the only major league up to 1900.

Here is my list:

Catchers—Buck Ewing, Roger Bresnahan.

Pitchers—Christy Mathewson, John McMahon, John Clarkson, Napoleon Rucker.

First Base—Frank Chance.

Second Base—Roger Hornsby.

Shortstop—Hans Wagner.

Third Base—Jimmy Collins.

Left Field—Hugh Duffy.

Center Field—Ed Delehanty.

Right Field—Willie Keeler.

Substitute Outfielder—Joe Kelley.

Substitute Infielder—Frank Frisch.

Already I have explained my choice of many of these players in the Grand All-American team. With the exception of Nap Rucker the pitchers and the catchers are the same.

I have included Rucker because of his greatness in the National League during the period of its greatest growth. He never played in any other league.

Rucker was easily the greatest slow-ball pitcher that I have ever seen. He relied on that tantalizing floater almost solely in critical moments. Occasionally he would serve a swifter ball, but even that was only a half-speed delivery—just enough to be a foil for his teasers.

Of course, you know that Rucker was a southpaw. Originally he used considerable speed, but as his arm became weaker he was wise enough to appreciate that he could not last much longer unless he conserved his strength. Thereupon he shifted to his slow ball and with perfect control was a better pitcher than ever. Rucker utilized a "sailer" that seemed to hang in the air as if he had tied a string to it. Many a batter almost broke his back swinging at that ball before it got to him. He felt sure that he could knock it out of the lot, it appeared so big and so easy.

There have been other slow-ball pitchers of note, but Rucker had the most aggravating delivery of them all.

"Why, Rucker can make that ball talk," I heard one dumfounded batter say. "It comes up as big as a house and just seems to drift away when I swing. It ain't there!"

It was really laughable to see a batter go up against Rucker the first time. As ill fortune would have it, Rucker never got to pitch on a championship team. He did come back as a coach and was allowed to go in for a few minutes when Brooklyn got in the World's

Series. But that was after his usefulness had waned.

Frank Chance, in my opinion, is easily entitled to the place as All-National League first baseman. He was manager of the Cubs in the days of our great rivalry. Those were tough, fighting days—every game a scrapping event. There was no weakening or quitting of a team on either side, Frank Chance least of them all. He was always there with the goods as a hitter, a fielder and a base runner. Frank Chance knew baseball from A to Z. There have been mighty few such combinations as Evers, Tinker and Chance.

Roger Hornsby is my choice for second base, because of his many evidences of greatness. There has been so much talk about Hornsby as a batter that attention seems to have been diverted from his second-base play and base running. This wonderful Texan is a much greater fielder and base stealer than the fans seem to appreciate. He has everything—is almost the perfect ball player. There is no hesitation on my part in selecting Hornsby.

It will be noticed that the name of Jimmy Collins appears on both my clubs. It will also appear on the All-American League team, to be given later. This may be puzzling to some of the younger fans, who regard Jimmy Collins as an American Leaguer. They do not realize, perhaps, that Jimmy Collins rose to to real greatness while in the National League. As I have said, he really originated the present style of defense against the bunt. Later he went to the American League, where he was just as great for years.

As I already have given my reasons for selecting



NAP RUCKER



FRANK FRISCH



ROGERS HORNSBY



FRANK CHANCE

PLAYERS OF THE ALL-NATIONAL LEAGUE TEAM
SELECTED BY MCGRAW

Jimmy on the Grand All-American team I will not discuss him here.

I have selected Frankie Frisch as substitute infielder on the All-National League team because I regard him as one of the greatest young ball players that has come into the league in the last twenty years. Coming from Fordham University, where he was first noticed by Arthur Devlin, Frisch almost immediately got the nickname of "Fordham Flash." He truly deserves it. In addition to his speed Frisch has the baseball instinct. That is difficult to acquire. He seems to have been born with it.

So wonderful has been the work of this boy in two and a half years that I would not be surprised to see him some day selected as a member of the Grand All-American team of all time.

My selection of Ed Delehanty on the All-National League team for center field is a source of much satisfaction to me. I had considered him for the Grand All-American team of all time, but in the last analysis I could not give him the place over Ty Cobb. I have no hesitation, though, in listing Ed here.

Ed Delehanty was the Babe Ruth of his day. Though he was a right-handed hitter, Ruth did not have a great deal on him when it came to smashing the ball out of the lot. He was a tall fellow with broad, powerful shoulders that gave him great swinging strength. Delehanty, I believe, holds the record of having hit four home runs in one game. My, how he could plaster that ball!

Not only was Delehanty a marvelous hitter but he

was a great fielder. Ed was a good-natured, lovable fellow and, naturally, was one of the most popular idols of his day. On the same team with him—Philadelphia—was Napoleon Lajoie. They were indeed a grand pair. Talk about your heavy artillery—well, many an infielder had his legs knocked out from under him by those boys. The other players on this All-National League list are on my Grand All-American team and have been discussed in the preceding chapters.

In the next chapter I will present what I consider the All-American League team since the second major league came into being.

CHAPTER XLIV

The All-American League team—Greatest of all spitball pitchers—Ty Cobb vs. Tris Speaker.

IN attempting to select a team of American League stars I am mindful of the fact that I have not been so closely associated with them as with those of the National League. At the same time my various teams have played against most of them, either in World's Series contests or in spring exhibition games. Also I was rather intimately associated with many of their stars in our trip around the world. Incidentally, I intend to devote a chapter to the world's tour later on.

I have tried to be fair and just after giving all of these players careful consideration. I am inclined to feel that my choice will meet with the approval of a majority of the lovers of baseball. Here is my selection:

Catchers—Ray Schalk, Lew Criger.

Pitchers—Rube Waddell, Addie Joss, Ed Walsh, Chief Bender, Walter Johnson.

First Base—George Sisler.

Second Base—Eddie Collins.

Third Base—Jimmy Collins.

Shortstop—George Davis.

Left Field—Tris Speaker.

Center Field—Ty Cobb.

Right Field—Harry Hooper.

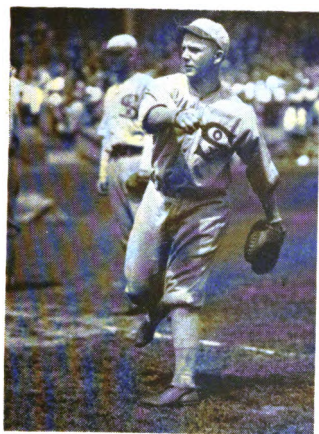
Substitute Infielder—Napoleon Lajoie.

Substitute Outfielder—Babe Ruth.

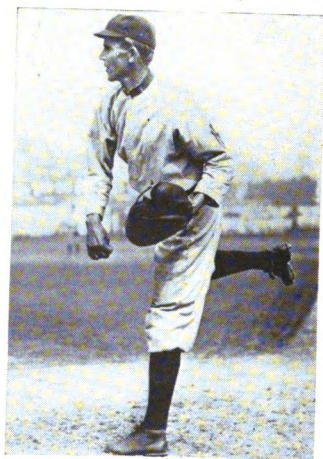
I feel rather sure that my choice of Ray Schalk for All-American League catcher will meet with the approval of the players in that league. I have talked with a number of them and it seems to be the general opinion that he stands out. Personally I am quite familiar with his catching and I regard him as the best backstop the American League has ever produced. Schalk has all the qualifications that go to make the perfect catcher, or as near to it as we can get. He studies opposing batters carefully and remembers their weaknesses. Owing to the confidence of fellow players in his judgment, Schalk steadies the whole team. He is a hard and conscientious worker and loves his profession. Schalk is a hard and accurate thrower and because of a wonderful pair of hands he is seldom disabled. He is also very fast on the bases, an unusual thing for a catcher, and is a good hitter. I have no hesitancy in selecting him as the one great American League star behind the bat.

Lew Criger was a catcher of the old school and one of the classiest. He caught Cy Young, Bill Dineen and other stars for years. All of them pronounce him great. Criger was an everyday, hard-working catcher that always could be depended upon. Though Lew was but a fair hitter he was very dependable in the pinches. His gentlemanly conduct, all around even temperament, made him most valuable to any organization. Lew Criger was a credit to the game.

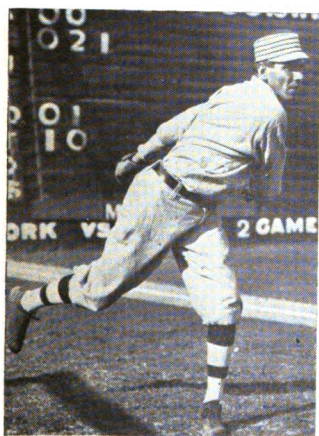
I have already discussed the All-American League



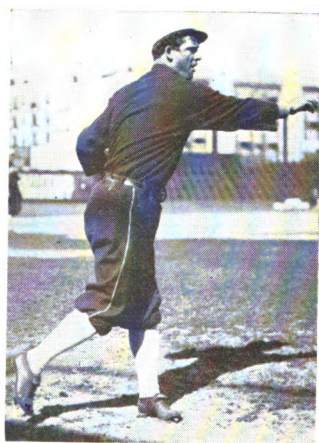
RAY SCHALK



LEW CRIGER



CHIEF BENDER



ED WALSH

PLAYERS OF THE ALL-AMERICAN LEAGUE AS
SELECTED BY MCGRAW
(Other illustrations of players in his team facing page 238)

pitchers, with the exception of Chief Bender and Ed Walsh. There is no question in my mind that an All-American League team would be incomplete without the wily Indian, Bender. The game has produced very few such pitchers. In addition to his natural strength, his wonderful speed and curves, Bender made an intensive study of batters. It was seldom that he made a mistake. No pitcher ever had more nerve. Bender was the one Athletic pitcher to beat us in that first World Series.

Ed Walsh I have selected as a pitcher for several reasons. He was easily the most famous and effective of all the spitball pitchers. While with the White Sox Ed was practically invincible. A big factor in his value to a ball club was his marvelous endurance. He could have pitched every day if it had been necessary. Aside from his spitball Walsh had tremendous speed and splendid control. It was the clever pitching of Walsh, day after day, that enabled the White Sox, then called the "hitless wonders," to win the American League pennant and to beat out the Cubs in the World's Series that followed in Chicago.

George Davis is my selection for shortstop on account of his all around ability. He excelled as a hitter, was an expert shortstop, a wonderful base runner and an exceptionally quick thinker. He was at one time a star with the Giants in the old days and later with the White Sox. When I came into the National League as manager of the Giants, Davis was one of the first men I went after for my infield when I started a raid on the American League. I was not allowed to keep

him, though, under the national agreement, which I already have discussed.

Getting down to my outfield, it may occasion a little surprise to note that I have placed Tris Speaker in left field. As everybody knows Speaker is a center fielder. He could play left just as well, though. Since I already have placed Ty Cobb on the Grand All-American team of all time I could not consistently leave him off the All-American League team. At the same time I can not in fairness leave Tris Speaker off. It so happens that the two greatest outfielders happen to play the same position. If I had them both on my club I would certainly play them as I have indicated here.

As a matter of fact it has been very difficult for me to choose between Cobb and Speaker. In covering ground and actually making catches it is likely that Speaker would outshine Cobb, but Ty is so supreme in all other departments and in his aggressive spirit that I gave him the edge. Tris Speaker has been an outstanding figure in baseball for years. He has challenged Ty Cobb's popularity in every way. If Tris has a real weakness I have never discovered it.

For years Harry Hooper has been considered one of the greatest outfielders that ever lived. He is also one of the most dangerous hitters in a pinch that the game has known. Many pitchers still remember to their sorrow what he did to them in the several World's Series in which he has played. Hooper made a catch against us in Boston that beat us out of the World's championship. If I were an American League manager

I don't know where I could dig up a better outfield than Speaker, Cobb and Hooper.

My selection of Babe Ruth as the extra outfielder should be obvious to any baseball man. I have chosen him because of his spectacular hitting. Nobody could ever hit a ball like Babe Ruth. He can play any of the outfield positions and as a pinch hitter is supreme. Despite his great bulk and apparent slowness Babe Ruth is a corking good base runner. He has been the greatest drawing card that the game has ever produced.

I have to smile when I realize that I have picked a team for the American League and, in my opinion, have made it so strong as to necessitate keeping Babe Ruth on the bench as a utility outfielder.

After looking over my selections for these three great teams—the Grand All-American, the All-National and the All-American—I have discovered a loophole that may cause some astute fan to jump through it and question a previous statement that I made in regard to the advantage of college players. Very few of my choices are college players, it develops. I will endeavor to explain that in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLV

A defense of the sand-lot player—Baseball as a training school for other professions.

IN an earlier chapter I made the statement—made it advisedly and sincerely—that the college player developed into a ball player much more easily and readily than the boy brought up on the town lots with less advantage. I declared as between the two I would naturally prefer the college man because of his having had the benefit of mental training.

To illustrate the advantage of the college man I pointed out that the boy with a trained mind usually tried to find his faults and correct them, while the sand-lot player often tried to hide his. In his ignorance he thought he could get away with it.

I am still of that belief, but it is possible that some old-timers have gained an erroneous impression from what I said.

“Did you mean to say,” an old friend writes, “that all the great players are college men?”

Of course I didn't. I was merely pointing out a principle, the benefit of trained thought. As a matter of fact, very few of our really great stars have been college men. That merely proves my theory, though at first the two statements may be confusing.

The fact that ball players have become stars of the first magnitude without the benefit of early college

training merely emphasizes their greatness. By hard work and application they have overcome the handicap. Any one of them will tell you how much he missed those early advantages. Had he possessed that early knowledge he would have been a great star much quicker.

Looking over my selections for the three great all-star teams it will be noticed that very few of them have been college men. That is due partly to the fact that in the early days of baseball very few college men took up the game as a profession. Even in this day the college men usually go into baseball as a temporary means of livelihood. Love of the game causes many of them to stick. The mediocre ones drop out and go into other occupations or professions for which they have been trained.

George Sisler, for instance, is a college man. With his natural physical qualifications and his mental training he jumped into fame almost immediately. No long spell of seasoning was required. Another instance is that of Frankie Frisch. He is a college boy, coming to us direct from Fordham University. Frisch's alert mind grasped the idea of professional baseball immediately. He would notice his own faults almost as soon as I would. Without hesitation he would come to me for advice. He was quick to put theory and practice together.

On the other hand, take players like Willie Keeler, Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker or myself. While Cobb had the benefit of considerable early education, he was not actually a college man, I am told. The rest of us

didn't even have that advantage. As a result, we had to work our way up by slow stages, always conscious of our early disadvantages. But we overcame it and reached the top.

The lack of this early opportunity was made so plain to Hughey Jennings and myself that we spent three or four winters trying to get a college education, even after we had become big leaguers.

Whether the player be a sand-lot man or a college boy, he cannot progress without using his mind. The town-lot boy, therefore, is entitled to all the more credit when he becomes a star.

The man with a stubborn mind, who thinks he can advance physically without improving himself mentally, rarely becomes a star. I don't know of one.

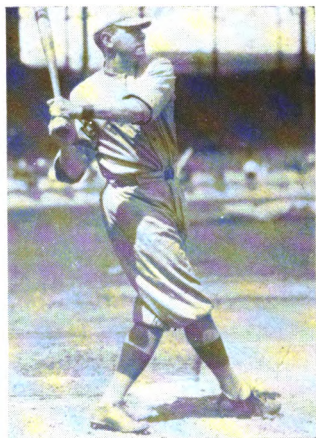
Mere book learning will not do the trick, either. A boy to improve must have a chance to observe the ordinary conventions of life and the ways of intelligent people off the field. I have made it a point to see that all of my young players had this opportunity.

Often when a young ball player arrives in the big league he has never been in a first-class hotel. In the smaller leagues he has got the impression that roughness and ignorance of the niceties of life are a part of his profession. This must be corrected.

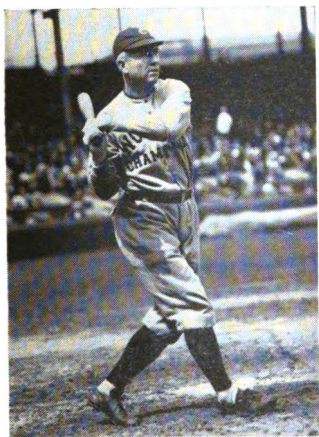
I have found that environment means a lot to him. Throw him into the company of gentle or educated people and he will immediately try to act like them. I am told that in the army the soldier who keeps himself the neatest and feels the "classiest" is usually the best fighter. Every regiment strives to get *esprit de*



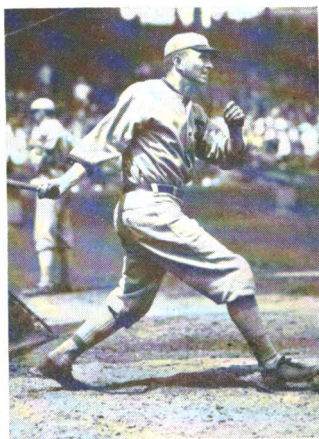
GEORGE DAVIS



BABE RUTH



TRIS SPEAKER



HARRY HOOPER

corps, as they call it. If a soldier is proud of his regiment and feels a pride in its appearance he can be counted upon always.

That is also true in baseball. For that reason I have made a particular point of seeing that my clubs always stop at the very best hotels that I can find. I see that they travel in first-class style on the railroads. I can remember well when first-class hotels would not take in ball clubs, under the impression that they were a rowdy lot. Often they were.

We have overcome that. To-day most any hotel welcomes a ball team.

The answer is that when a young fellow gets in an environment where he discovers that people are regarding him as a gentleman he will soon learn to be a gentleman. He would not have the minds of those people disabused. ✓

Put an educated ball player and an ignorant one together as roommates and it will be found that the ignorant one will try to emulate the educated one. It never works the other way. In other words, it is human nature to seek improvement.

The great stars from the town-lots are the fellows who have seen such opportunities as this and have taken advantage of it. They had the ability physically and worked to equip themselves equally well mentally. Many of these so-called town-lot men are now more polished in their thoughts and direct themselves more intelligently than the men who first gave them the idea. They have educated themselves—and have done it well.

In this connection I have observed a rather odd

thing in baseball. There have been more men, starting without education, to go out of baseball into professions like law and medicine than there have been college men to leave the game and go into professions for which they had been originally trained.

In other words, the town-lot fellow had the greater determination. With that he overcame all the difficulties. He is a truly great man.

I could point out any number of instances of this. Among those ball players who were not college men and who are now successful in life there are several members of Congress, one or two Governors, a number of doctors and quite a few engineers.

I am not sure, but I don't believe Governor John K. Tener of Pennsylvania was a college man. Then there is John Montgomery Ward, now a distinguished lawyer. "Doc" Pond made a great success in his profession. Mike Donlin has done well as an actor.

To sum it up, the man who makes the great ball player or the great man in life is he who lets no early handicap stand in his way but who has the determination to overcome all obstacles. It makes no difference whether he be a town-lot man or a college man.

Experience has shown me, though, that the college boy has less difficulty in overcoming obstacles. If he has the physical qualifications and the ambition he develops more quickly. That is why I prefer the college man as a recruit. He may not become the greatest ball player in the world but his value to a team becomes apparent in a shorter space of time.

CHAPTER XLVI

Around the world with the White Sox—Baseball and the crime wave—Meeting with the King of England.

ALWAYS it has been my ambition to see the profession of baseball elevated. I have seen it rise higher and higher, but the peak has not yet been reached by any means.

Following out this ambition I always have made it a point to have the players on my clubs absorb as much information and general polish as possible by observation. It was this that prompted me to make the trip around the world with the White Sox.

I love my profession and am proud of it. Baseball, to my way of thinking, means much more to America than a mere game for making money. It has a big influence. Incidentally, I have just learned from a statistician in Washington that crime showed a decided decrease during the World's Series between the Giants and the Yanks—showed a falling off all over the country.

I didn't quite see the connection until he told me that the interest of everybody in the outcome of the series had diverted the minds of young and old from thoughts of crime. Anyway, it fell off during that week remarkably.

When I was a young fellow playing on the Orioles

Jennings, Kelley, myself and others made a trip to the other side just to see things. We did not go to play ball—just observe. I was so impressed with what I saw that ever since I have had a desire to take a ball club around the world and show people of the other countries just what our great national sport means.

After the World's Series in 1912, when I was appearing on the stage for the first, last and only time, I met Garry Herrmann, John Bruce and Charles Comiskey in "Smiley" Corbett's place in Chicago. I had just finished a performance at the Palace Theater.

After a few moments of conversation Comiskey called me over to a table where we could talk alone.

"Say, John," he said, "what do you think of taking our teams on a trip around the world?"

This took me back for a moment, but only for a moment.

"When would you want to start?" I asked.

"Right after the close of the 1913 season."

"All right, I'll go."

That's all there was to it. Mr. Comiskey and I began making arrangements shortly afterward. Between us we financed the entire proposition. And we never had one scrap of paper between us in the way of an agreement. What's more, we made a complete tour of the world, starting for the Orient from San Francisco and returning to New York from London. Neither of us lost or made a cent. The receipts at the games just about paid the expenses.

To describe that trip would make a whole book in itself. When we finally arrived in New York on the

ill-fated *Lusitania* I felt, though, that my one big ambition in life had been realized. We had shown all the other nations baseball. They had witnessed the games in such numbers as to pay our expenses.

To make sure of our finances' meeting the cost of travel we played thirty-one exhibition games on the way to the coast, in the United States. On that part of the tour I discovered what a hold baseball really had on the people of America. In some places that did not even boast of a ball park we drew as many as four thousand people.

Getting together two teams for this long jaunt was a difficult job. Some could not get away from their business—their winter business. Others could not afford to take their families or to leave them. By perseverance we finally succeeded and made the start.

The White Sox team was made up of Jimmy Callahan, manager; Tommy Daly, first base; "Germany" Schaefer, second base; Buck Weaver, shortstop; Dick Egan, third base; Steve Evans, left field; Tris Speaker, center field; Sam Crawford, right field; Jack Bliss and Andy Slight, catchers; Joe Benz, Jim Scott and Lefty Loverenz, pitchers.

The Giants were: Fred Merkle, first base; Larry Doyle, second base; Mike Doolin, shortstop; John Lobert, third base; Lee Magee, left field; Mike Donlin, center field; Jim Thorpe, right field; Urban Faber, George Wiltse and Bunny Hearne, pitchers; Ivy Wingo, catcher.

Umpires, Bill Klem and Jack Sheridan.

The late Harry Sparrow acted as our business

manager. Among other old-time baseball people along was Ted Sullivan.

On the trip across the United States we were helped out by many stars such as Mathewson, Chief Meyers, Fred Snodgrass, Jeff Tesreau and Art Fromme. Among those to help out the Sox were Walter Johnson, Ray Schalk, Doc White, Frank Isbell, Lefty Russell, Walter Mattick and Joe Berger.

The receipts of these thirty-one games made up the greater part of our expense money. The fans flocked to see us by the thousands. We made a feature of visiting little towns that had never seen a big league ball player and probably never would again. To our surprise these country fans knew every man by reputation. At one place a crowd sat up until after midnight to see our special train come through and to get a glimpse of the players of whom they had read.

Finally, setting out from San Francisco, we sailed through fifty different bodies of water and railroaded through Japan, China, Australia, Egypt, Italy, France and England.

Of the non-English speaking countries we found the Japanese better informed on baseball than any other people. All the big universities there have teams and they have advanced rapidly in the finer points of baseball. In a few years I expect to see Japan as much of a baseball country as Cuba.

To go into the details of this long tour probably would be tiresome, especially to those who were not on the trip. We had many good laughs. One of these was when we got Bill Klem up one night to be ready in

case the ship should run into the equator while the tide was down. He and others were quite relieved when we crossed safely.

The climax of the trip—the big game—was in London when the King attended and we had an attendance of 35,000. To make it more spectacular the game wound up with a home run wallop by Tom Daly.

Callahan and I were notified early in the day that the King would receive us in his box. The American Ambassador tipped us off that we were to wear high hats and frock coats. We were mighty busy that day getting all set.

Then, to our discomfiture, just as we were about to start for the box, word was sent down to us that high hats wouldn't do. The King said that the ordinary bowler would do—derby, or "iron hat," as we call it.

There has been much said as to the conversation between the King, Callahan and myself. As a matter of fact very little was said.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. McGraw," said the King, just as anybody else would do.

"I thank you," I said, and we shook hands. He did the same with Callahan.

"Your game is very interesting and I would like to know more about it," said the King.

"We certainly hope that you will have a chance to see more of it," I said.

We then bowed and went back to our respective benches.

CHAPTER XLVII

The mutton pie episode in London—Playing before the Khedive of Egypt—The Federal League's offer to McGraw—Why the Federal League died.

Two days before that now historical game in London at which the King appeared Harry Sparrow, acting as business manager, told me that Ted Sullivan had just awarded the catering privilege at the game to an Englishman who had been hanging around ever since it became known that King George would be present.

"That means," he said to Harry, "a crowd of thirty-five thousand or more."

We didn't know then that a great crowd of English people would always go to any sporting event that the King graced, whether they knew anything about it or not. The American Ambassador, though, had that in mind when he asked King George to come. He was a baseball fan and wanted us to make a good showing.

The most-concerned man, though, was this English caterer.

Several times while I sat on the bench he came to me all a-flutter.

"I say, Mr. McGraw," he would start, "when is the intermission?"

"Oh, any time," I would reply, laughing, never taking him seriously.

In the meantime Sparrow was stalling him off.

Finally in the seventh inning, when a lot of Americans stood up to stretch, he returned.

"I say, Mr. McGraw, this cawn't go on. I must insist on knowing when is the intermission."

"Why, what's the matter with you?" I asked. "Don't you know that baseball does not have any intermission?"

"My God!" he exclaimed, putting his hands to his head, "I am ruined. What will I do with my mutton pies?"

"You can bring me one if you want to. What's the idea?"

"I say, in cricket, you know, the consumption of mutton pies in the intermissions is quite enormous. I am stocked quite heavily. I insist upon an intermission. I——"

At that moment Daly hit the ball on the nose for a home run that broke up the game.

The next day the English caterer called at the hotel and insisted on being paid seventy-odd pounds for mutton pies and tea that he had prepared for the intermission. I put the matter up to Sparrow and, if I remember right, he compromised by giving the fellow a couple of hundred dollars.

Another incident on that trip that caused us a lot of amusement was at a game played near Cairo, Egypt. The Khedive honored us by attending, and his presence gave much tone to the affair among the Egyptians.

As the game progressed we were very curious to see how the Khedive was taking his baseball. Every time we looked, though, he had his back to the diamond and

was looking in the other direction. We couldn't tell whether he was in conversation or simply declining to be interested. Anyway, his back was turned.

Finally we assigned "Germany" Schaefer to give us the dope on it. He sneaked from the bench and was gone several minutes.

✓ "It's all right," he said, returning. "I just talked to one of them fellows with the funny hats. He says the Khedive means no disrespect to our game, but he's got to look toward home. With so many of these American ball players here the Khedive figures he'd better keep his eye on his harem."

The one outstanding feature to that trip around the world which I will never forget was the deportment of our players. At no time on the entire journey did anyone ever do anything that would bring criticism upon the American athlete. These young fellows realized that they were representing their country and they did it in a way to bring credit on our sport and ourselves. A noticeable thing was their adaptability to foreign customs. Very quickly they observed that gentlemen were supposed to dress for dinner on the boats or in the hotels. In a single day, it seemed, every man on both clubs was fully equipped with evening clothes, high hats—everything in accordance with the convention of the country they visited. And I want to tell you those Giants and White Sox looked pretty good in silk hats, too.

Arriving in New York on the ill-fated *Lusitania*, we found the baseball world all upset over the Federal League. Managers and owners of the two major

leagues were there to sign up their players. Also there were several agents of the new league.

I have never mentioned this before, but I was met by an attorney of prominence, a man in whom I have absolute confidence, who offered me a certified check for \$100,000 to join the Federal League.

This was to be merely a bonus for joining and was in addition to any salary arrangement that I might make. As to salary, I was told I could write my own ticket.

I declined this immediately.

Often I have been asked for an opinion as to why the Federal League failed. The answer, to me, seems simple. In the first place, its executives were not men of baseball experience. In the second place, there are not enough good ball players in this country for three major leagues. We even have difficulty in finding enough stars for two leagues. Consequently the Federal League, being the newcomer, could not get enough good talent to offer serious competition. Their only chance was to offer as good if not better baseball than the National and American leagues. This they could not do. Had there not been a settlement with them the Federal League would have died just the same.

I found that several of my players had been approached by the Federal League agents but there was nothing doing. I found also that, during my absence, the New York Club, my employers, had traded off Herzog, my third baseman, for Bob Bescher. This was quite a surprise to me. It resulted in my having to make several trades to strengthen up my club again.

The need of a third baseman, following the accident to Hans Lobert later on, eventually brought about my trading Larry Doyle, Baby Doll Jacobson and Herbert Hunter for Heinie Zimmerman.

In the bust-up of the Federal League I took over Benny Kauff and Eddie Rousch. I paid \$25,000 for Kauff, figuring that he would be a good attraction on account of his hitting, then much talked about.

Often I have observed criticism of what sport writers call my mistake in letting Rousch go and keeping Kauff. As a matter of fact I bought Rousch because nobody else would take him at that time. He was not considered a star. I paid \$6,000 for him. I took him on the recommendation of a couple of old players, figuring to use him in a trade—anyway, I decided not to let him get away at that price.

The only man who ever told me that Rousch was a better ball player than Kauff was "Germany" Schaefer. A lot of them talk about it now, but old "Schaefer" was the only one to hold that opinion in advance.

Poor old Schaefer. He's gone now. There was one of the most delightful and whimsical of personalities. To this day I smile when I think of his very serious announcement to the newspaper men, during the war, that he had changed his name to "Liberty" Schaefer. He got this witty notion from a sign he saw where the word "sauerkraut" had been changed to "Liberty cabbage."

CHAPTER XLVIII

Why baseball unions fail—McGraw's personal suggestions for a real ball players' fraternity.

EVER since baseball became organized into workable shape there have been attempts at the formation of protective fraternities by the players. All of them have failed. All of them will continue to fail until they find a more definite purpose.

First we had the Brotherhood starting on the biggest scale of all. The purpose of that body was to actually run the games on a coöperative basis. The later ones have had for their purpose protection of rights, particularly in the matter of contracts.

If the ball player had been the victim of injustice or unfair treatment his fraternal organization would have grown and prospered. As a matter of fact he is not mistreated. His salary has increased steadily with the progress of the game. If he has the goods there is never any great difficulty about arriving at a salary agreement. The professional ball player in the big league usually gets just what he is worth.

Therefore, with nothing particular to complain about, the unions have failed for lack of something to do. The players grow tired of seeing their dues go to pay the salaries of men who either sit in the offices looking important or travel about the country at the expense of the contributors.

Mind you, I have no objection to baseball unions.

Often I have told the players this. I do object, though, to them going ahead without any program that will accomplish something of actual benefit to the player. I am a ball player at heart, even though I am a manager and a part owner. My sympathies are always with the player, and particularly the old player whose days on the diamond are done. I think any of them will tell you that I am.

The one great fault with the so-called fraternities is that a lot of older men, mediocre at their very best, get together and elect some young man, a star, as their head. They take advantage of his position and popularity to keep them in the game, thereby preventing younger men from coming in.

Not so long ago a leading member of the present fraternity called on me. He wanted to know if I would confer with him and if I was opposed to the union.

"I have no objection to the union or to players belonging to it," I told him. "If there is cause for complaint or if you feel that there is unfairness or injustice let's have it. I'll listen."

He hemmed and hawed for a minute.

"What have you to complain of?" I asked. "What is your first aim?"

"Well," he finally admitted, "I don't know just yet. But—well, there is the reserve clause."

The United States Supreme Court had just decided that the reserve clause was perfectly legal. All baseball men know that it is really the backbone of the game. I told the young man of this. He had not yet heard of the decision. In fact, he didn't know just

what he had called for, except to find out if I was hostile or friendly.

Right there is the trouble. They don't know exactly what they are about. They are without definite aim. I sat down and gave this young man—a fine fellow, too—the best suggestion that I had. If they will follow the advice that I offered I believe the baseball fraternity could be made into a wonderful institution. I would be one of its most ardent supporters, and I think every other manager and old player would.

The prime motive of a baseball union should be to see that the veteran player when he is down and out is cared for. Very few of them have the foresight to prepare for old age. They have a good time while the good days are on. When their muscles begin to slip they find their pocketbooks just one or two slips ahead of their muscles. Their salaries gradually dwindle to nothing.

Now, if the union would devise a plan by which these old-timers could be cared for—so there would be no acute distress in old age—then the fraternity would be a great and growing institution. It is perfectly practical. The ball player is fully protected in the matter of contract by the Commissioner of Baseball. The Commissioner is even more mindful of the player's interest than of the owner's, because of his apparent helplessness and lack of business knowledge. If the player can deliver the goods he never has complaint about the amount of his salary. It is the man who is slipping that complains.

That department of a union's business is secondary.

His first aim should be the care of the old players. There is no doubt that it can be done.

Every fall, for instance, we have an 'old-timers' game. It always attracts attention. There is no reason why one such game should not be held in every city at the end of the season. If it was known that the receipts from these exhibition games would go to the aid of old ball players—the establishment of a home if necessary—fans would flock into the parks. Can you imagine what that would mean in funds?

There are sixteen clubs in the two big leagues. If every one of them put on such an exhibition game a large sum could be realized. On a rough guess I should say that \$20,000 would be a good average per game. That would mean \$320,000.

Surely the members of the baseball fraternity have enough constructive ability and enough willingness to work out the details of such a plan. It would require intelligent administration. But they are engaging leaders to run the union. Certainly those men could attend to such administration.

The heart of every ball player should be in his work. If they go into it on that basis there is no question about the whole scheme being a success. On the other hand, if they try to make petty differences the prime motive of organization the whole thing will fail just as the unions have failed in the past. Nothing insures the future of any organization like accomplishment.

I cannot imagine any greater incentive to accomplishment than the helping of old ball players when their days of usefulness on the diamond are done.

I outlined this plan in detail to the representative of the union and he said he would think it over. I assured him that the Giants would be among the first to fall in with the scheme and put on the exhibition game. Any other club in either league will do the same.

In other words, the success of a union lies in the players getting the owners, managers and fans to work with them instead of in opposition.

I am so enthusiastic about this plan for helping the old-timers that I would be willing for the managers to go into it even if the union should not take it up as a body.

Yes, there is a field for a baseball fraternity, but it is not a mere carping over certain clauses in contracts. Its purpose must be broad and helpful. It must be constructive, not obstructive.

CHAPTER XLIX

Should a ball player marry?—Two kinds of wives—The marital year of grace.

To my surprise fans throughout the country, in answer to our questionnaire, have hopped on a subject that I should never have thought of discussing in these memoirs. As I near the end of my story, though, I must answer while there is time.

“What effect on players,” several ask, “has the presence of wives and sweethearts in the stand or in traveling with the teams?”

Now, you know, if I talk too freely on that subject I’m going to get in trouble. Many times have I been in a quandary over that angle of baseball. I have even feared to discuss it in private, let alone in the newspapers.

On general principles, though, I’ll say this: Very few ball players are ever as valuable to a team the first year they are married as they are before or after. Wait a minute—I’ll explain.

When a young fellow gets it into his head to get married there is no stopping him. I think I have too much common sense even to try to stop him. He thinks of nothing else. He is entering a new phase of life and is taking on new responsibilities. Naturally he and his wife think their marriage the most important thing in the world. In working out their early problems they forget all about baseball. As a result the

young fellow's zest is gone. It takes a full year for him to get down to business and concentrate his mind on the game.

I am convinced that nothing helps a young man so much in baseball or in any other profession as a good wife. I think, though, that they ought to get married immediately after the World's Series. By the time the next season comes around they will be able to understand things.

I have known young bridegrooms, on the bench, to forget whether there were men on bases or not. Sometimes they are not even particular whether there are one or two out. They are thinking about that new apartment, about that new furniture, that fancy gas range, and so on.

It is a beautiful state of bliss, but, take it from me, a young man in that state of mind doesn't win many ball games.

It is quite natural for the wives to want to attend the ball games and see their heroes at work. Baseball has become a part of their lives. If they are sensible women—which most of them are—they will encourage and criticize their husbands so as to be of help. I have had brides come to me and ask what kind of food they ought to prepare for their husbands.

There are other wives who will not attend a game in which their husbands appear. They get so nervous over his possible success or failure that they fear they will make themselves conspicuous. I wish all of them thought that way.

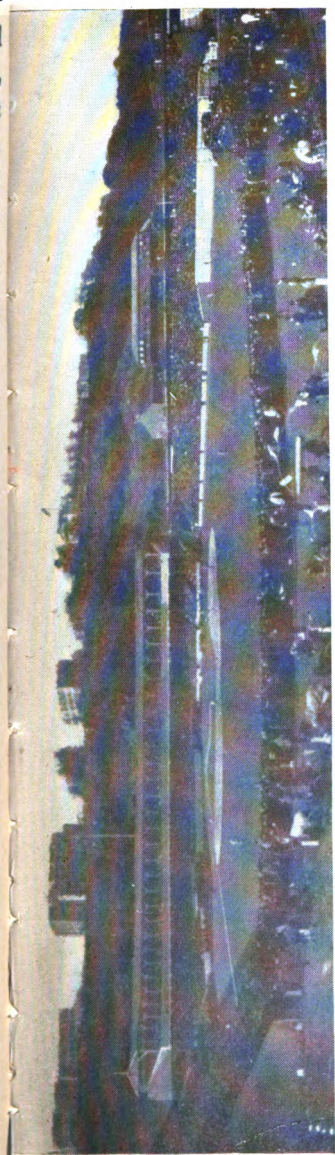
The wife of one of our greatest pitchers would never

come to the Polo Grounds on the day her husband pitched. She followed the progress of the game, though, by a rather unique method. Their apartment was on the Heights. From the front window it was possible to see the scoreboard by the aid of a pair of field glasses. Often this wife and the wives of other players used to gather there in the afternoon and have tea while the game was going on.

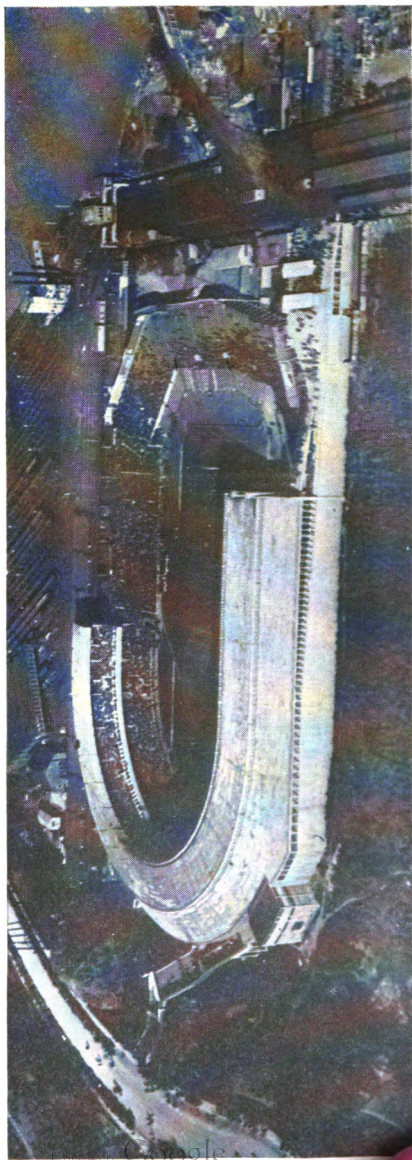
This particular wife knew what dishes her husband liked most. One of his favorites was corned beef and cabbage. If the glasses showed the Giants behind she would immediately start preparing that dish. Upon his arrival home the grouch of defeat would disappear. She would never mention the game until the dinner was over.

The wives and sweethearts who really cause the player trouble and embarrassment are the foolish ones. Many ball players, as you know, come into the leagues with little knowledge of life, especially big city life. They are carried away with hero worship and marry some girl who really seeks the limelight more than the love of the young fellow. There have been many cases of that kind. As a rule ball players marry some girl with whom they have been brought up in the little home town. It is seldom that divorce cases grow out of that kind of marriage.

These foolish wives or sweethearts who sit in the stand and yell out endearing encouragement to their husbands are genuine distraction. They not only embarrass the player but often make it very uncomfortable for those about them in the stands.



THE OLD POLO GROUNDS



RIDING EYE VIEW OF THE NEW POLO GROUNDS

You can well imagine the feelings of a player when he leaves the bench to go to bat at a critical moment and suddenly hear a soprano voice from the stands scream out:

"There goes my dearie!"

It is the real, wholesome woman of good, hard, common sense who helps the ball player to success. Often she has been my very helpful ally in getting a player to improve his work or to take care of himself.

On one occasion there was a pitcher who suffered many defeats through lack of control. His wife went with him on the spring training trip. He knew his failing but did not have the patience to correct it. His wife, knowing what was required, took charge of him during his off hours and insisted upon him putting in so much practice in the court back of the hotel.

There was no escape. Any time he felt lazy she was right on the job. Much of that man's later success was due to that wonderful wife.

As a rule I do not approve a wife's accompanying her baseball husband on the road trips. She seems to distract his attention. Again, a lot of wives, when thrown together in such close association, are bound to talk and gossip over what they have heard. While they mean no harm the husbands are often worried over this. They learn of things about other players that otherwise would not have interested them. For that reason I think it a bad practice to have a number of wives travel with a team.

On the other hand I have insisted on certain players taking their wives with them. Some harum-scarum

young fellows can be controlled by nobody but their wives.

I had one very excellent player who would not keep in condition unless his wife was around to look after him. He would be like a young boy out of school, running loose. He would drink, play cards late at night and lose interest in his work.

One year he wrote me for his transportation to the training camp. I wired back that I would send transportation for two. Privately I wrote the wife that it was important to the club that she come along. She did and the young fellow had a good year.

I have received dozens of questions to be answered on this subject, but nobody is going to trap me into saying whether I think ball players should be married or single. If I said that they ought not to get married every kid on the club would immediately begin thinking about that girl. Then I would get some lively letters from some of the wives, I fear.

CHAPTER L

The commissioner of baseball—Why he was needed—A tribute to Judge Landis.

IN concluding these memoirs of my thirty years in baseball, I would be guilty of serious and unfair omission if I did not discuss the most important constructive move, to my mind, that baseball has ever made—the naming of a commissioner of baseball with absolute authority.

Not only did baseball make a big constructive move in deciding on the commissioner, rather than a commission composed of three men, but the bull's-eye was hit in the selection of Judge Kenesaw M. Landis to fill the job.

From the very beginning we had more or less annoyance over the National Commission because of its members being a part of the game. Even the Chairman, August Herrmann, was President of the Cincinnati club. The other members were presidents of the American and National leagues.

I don't know of a fairer or more conscientious man than Garry Herrmann and I do not believe he was ever influenced by his connection with the Cincinnati club. At the same time the mere fact of the connection often gave rise to innuendo in the newspapers.

Obviously the only thing to do was to have a man

of recognized ability who had no connection whatsoever with any club or any league. The chance of getting Judge Landis, a Federal Judge of national reputation, made this change possible.

The Judge showed his strength the moment we invited him to accept the position. He refused unless he was given absolute authority to inflict punishment as well as to decide on it. He would not consent to a clause which read "and recommend" punishment. To make this decision stand up he must have the authority to enforce it. But for that a commissioner of baseball would have been of no great value.

Realizing that he lacked a little of the personal knowledge and familiarity necessary, the Judge immediately set about to make himself a part of the game. He attended every big function, whether in the majors or in the minors. He wanted to know what it was all about. Before he made a step you may rest assured that he did know, too.

One of the first big moves made by the commissioner was to enforce the law against barnstorming without permission. It so happened that his first hard decision hit one of the most spectacular figures in the game—Babe Ruth.

While that was a blow to finances as well as to other things I think it was a good thing that the first punishment hit a player of great prominence. It showed that the Judge intended to have things run to the letter of the law regardless of personality. I do not mean that it was a good thing for Babe Ruth, personally, to be hit first. I would feel the same about any great player—a man like Mathewson, or Hornsby, or Sisler,

for instance. The players can never say that the Judge started out by picking on the small fry.

It is always a good thing in baseball to bring out the fact that no player is greater than the game. There was never a great star who would slow up the progress of the sport in the least by his absence. His absence might affect the fortunes of one club, but it can never hurt the sport. It is a good thing for players to know this—good for everybody.

That particular angle of baseball always has interested me. Whenever a great star arises it is frequently said that a team could never get along without him. How often have you heard that said about Mathewson in the old days; about Wagner, Lajoie, even the famous Mike Kelly?

All of those great ones went out and the game went right on.

The greatness of Judge Landis, though, lies in his wonderful foresight, his vision. Always he looks to the future and sees the possibilities of baseball. He seems to understand the mind of the public toward the game. So few of our baseball people give a thought to that in the midst of their petty quarrels!

Being of the great army of fans and not of the baseball machinery, Judge Landis has a broad viewpoint—the very viewpoint that baseball always has needed.

The commissioner is very careful and deliberate in his consideration of every controversy that is brought to his attention, no matter how small or inconsequential. At the same time he thinks rapidly and can strike quickly if it be necessary.

The best instance I have observed of the Judge seeing the proper move instantly and making it—which is even more important—was in the way he handled the situation when the game between the Giants and the Yanks was called on account of darkness by the umpires, causing great astonishment and dissatisfaction among the spectators.

I can readily appreciate the feelings of the fans. The decision even came as a surprise to us on the field. The average fan knows little about the machinations of baseball, the official in whom authority is vested in certain situations. They had heard about Judge Landis, had cheered him as he entered the stand. They naturally thought, as commissioner of baseball, he ran everything. They did not realize that once a game is started the umpire's authority is absolute. It is necessary that it be absolute. A moment's reflection will convince you of that. If there was a court of appeal from an umpire's decision the games would be in constant wrangle.

On top of this lack of knowledge the fans realized that as much as \$120,000 had been taken in at the gate; that if another game was played that much more money would come in again. In their excitement and disappointment the thought immediately arose that this was merely a chance to take advantage of a technicality and get more money into the pot.

The fans, thinking the Judge responsible, vented their wrath on him. He stood it without saying a word. The thing that worried him, though, was that the sportsmanship of the game was in question. He

saw what a blow to baseball it would be if 35,000 people went away thinking that the World's Series, after all, was merely a money-making institution; that the outcome of the games mattered little. In New York and throughout the country hundreds of thousands of people were, perhaps, thinking that right then.

Judge Landis acted quickly. Before we had suspected his intention he called in the owners and executives of the two clubs. I'll never forget the expression on his face, the anxiety and also determination.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is necessary to give this money to charity. The public does not understand the situation."

In detail then he quickly outlined his plan. Naturally, we saw the importance of it and acted with him. By our giving that money to charity and showing that the postponement was not for sordid financial reasons the public understood. Everything came out all right.

The main force of the Judge's action was the rapidity of it. If he had waited a day or two to give the matter consideration the damage would have been done. No amount of afterthought could have remedied it. He hit the bull's-eye by acting on the spur of the moment. And he acted right!

I am convinced that the greatest constructive baseball move of recent years was the placing of authority in the hands of a commissioner—and making Judge Kenesaw M. Landis that commissioner.

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